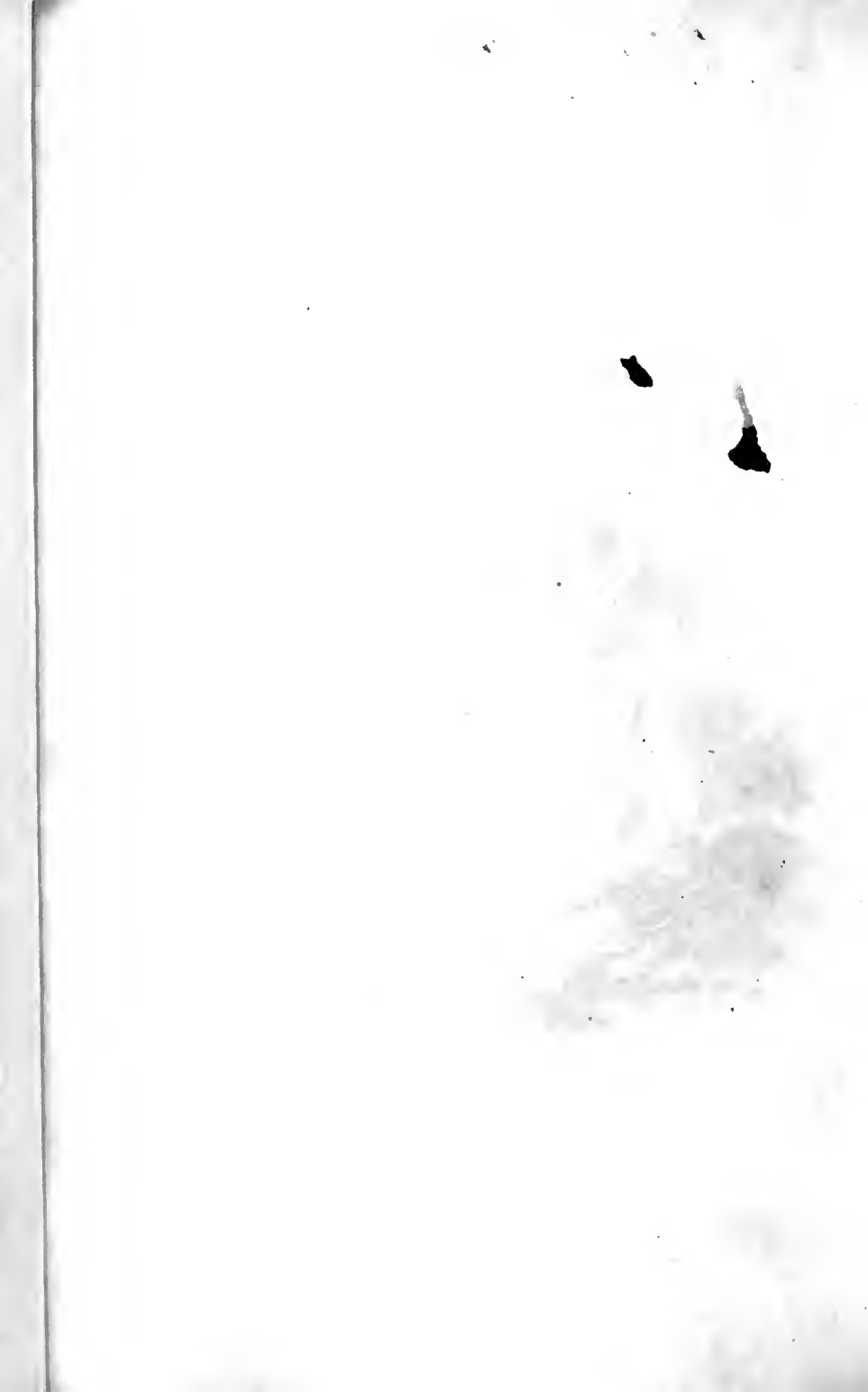




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

PR
5306
*L6
1812
SMRS

Mary Hall



GLENFINLAS,

AND OTHER BALLADS &c.

WITH THE

VISION OF DON RODERICK ;

A POEM

BY

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS

FROM THE DESIGNS OF

RICH^d WESTALL, Esq. R.A.



'Then, too, the holy cross, salvation's sign,

By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
DON RODERICK Stan XXIII

L O N D O N.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE,

PICCADILLY,

1812.



BALLADS
AND
LYRICAL PIECES.

BY
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

FOURTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

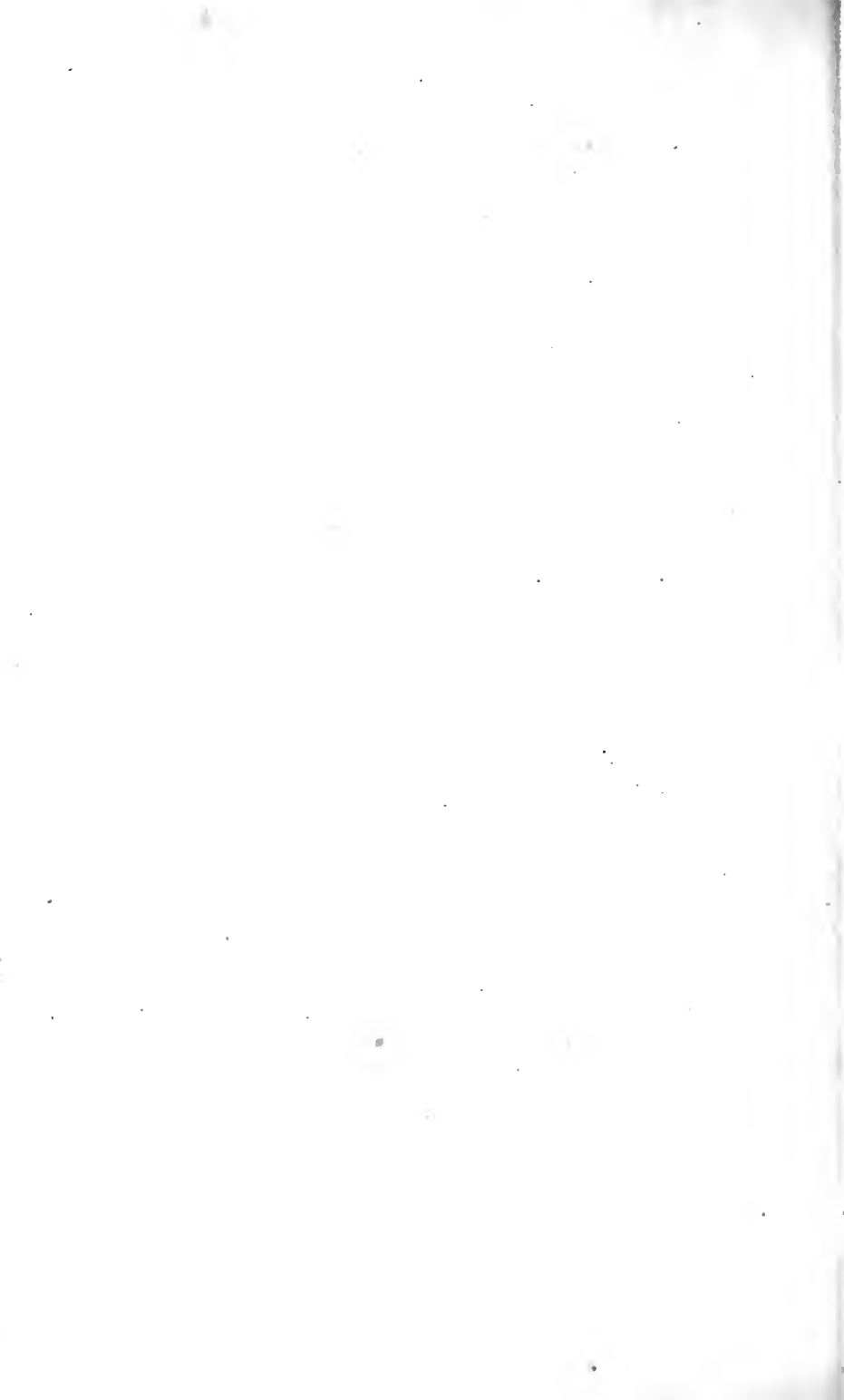
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, LONDON;
AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1812.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These Ballads have been already published in different collections, some in the MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, others in the TALES OF WONDER, and some in both these Miscellanies. They are now first collected into one Volume. The Songs have been written at different times for the Musical Collections of MR GEORGE THOMSON and MR WHYTE.



CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach,	1
The Eve of Saint John,	21
Cadyow Castle,	39
The Grey Brother,	61
Thomas the Rhymer, Part I.	73
————— Part II.	93
————— Part III.	120
The Fire King,	134
Frederick and Alice,	143
The Wild Huntsmen,	148
The Erl-King,	162
War Song,	167
The Norman Horse-Shoe,	173
The Dying Bard,	176
The Maid of Toro,	178
Hellvellyn,	180



GLENFINLAS,
OR
LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.*

THE tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus : While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy*, (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut : the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair se-

* *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

ducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

GLENFINLAS,

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

“ For them the viewless forms of air obey,
“ Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
“ They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
“ And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,
“ To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.”

“ O HONE a rie' ! O hone a rie' !*
“ The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
“ And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
“ We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

* *O hone a rie'* signifies—“ Alas for the prince, or chief.

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow !

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree ;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee.

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar ;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more !

From distant isles a Chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's hall to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy ; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandring spirits shrink to hear :
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fatal shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board ;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
 Their whistling shafts successful flew ;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
 The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
 The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
 Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
 When three successive days had flown ;
And summer mist in dewy balm
 Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone:

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
 Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
 And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
 Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy ;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
 As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

- “ What lack we here to crown our bliss,
 “ While thus the pulse of joy beats high ?
 “ What, but fair woman’s yielding kiss,
 “ Her panting breath, and melting eye ?
- “ To chase the deer of yonder shades,
 “ This morning left their father’s pile
 “ The fairest of our mountain maids,
 “ The daughters of the proud Glengyle.
- “ Long have I sought sweet Mary’s heart,
 “ And dropp’d the tear, and heaved the sigh ;
 “ But vain the lover’s wily art,
 “ Beneath a sister’s watchful eye.
- “ But thou may’st teach that guardian fair,
 “ While far with Mary I am flown,
 “ Of other hearts to cease her care,
 “ And find it hard to guard her own.
- “ Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
 “ The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
 “ Unmindful of her charge and me,
 “ Hang on thy notes, ’twixt tear and smile.

“ Or, if she chuse a melting tale,
“ All underneath the greenwood bough,
“ Will good St Oran’s rule prevail,
“ Stern huntsman of the rigid brow ?”—

—“ Since Enrick’s fight, since Morna’s death,
“ No more on me shall rapture rise,
“ Responsive to the panting breath,
“ Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

“ E’en then, when o’er the heath of woe,
“ Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
“ I bade my harp’s wild wailings flow,
“ On me the Seer’s sad spirit came.

“ The last dread curse of angry heaven,
“ With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
“ To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
“ The gift, the future ill to know.

“ The bark thou saw’st, yon summer morn,
“ So gaily part from Oban’s bay,
“ My eye beheld her dash’d and torn,
“ Far on the rocky Colonsay.

“ Thy Fergus too—thy sister’s son,
 “ Thou saw’st, with pride, the gallant’s power,
 “ As marching ’gainst the Lord of Downe,
 “ He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“ Thou only saw’st their tartans* wave,
 “ As down Benvoirlich’s side they wound,
 “ Heard’st but the pibroch,† answering brave
 “ To many a target clanking round.

“ I heard the groans, I mark’d the tears,
 “ I saw the wound his bosom bore,
 “ When on the serried Saxon spears
 “ He pour’d his clan’s resistless roar.

“ And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
 “ And bidst my heart awake to glee,
 “ And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
 “ That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee !

* *Tartans*—The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

† *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bag-pipe.

“ I see the death-damps chill thy brow ;
“ I hear thy Warning Spirit cry ;
“ The corpse-lights dance—they’re gone, and now . . .
“ No more is given to gifted eye !”——

——“ Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
“ Sad prophet of the evil hour !
“ Say, should we scorn joy’s transient beams,
“ Because to-morrow’s storm may lour ?

“ Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
“ Clangillian’s chieftain ne’er shall fear ;
“ His blood shall bound at rapture’s glow,
“ Though doom’d to stain the Saxon spear.

“ E’en now, to meet me in yon dell,
“ My Mary’s buskins brush the dew ;”—
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But call’d his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return’d each hound ;
In rush’d the rouzers of the deer ;
They howl’d in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the Scer.

No Ronald yet ; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl ;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door ;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And, by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem ;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,

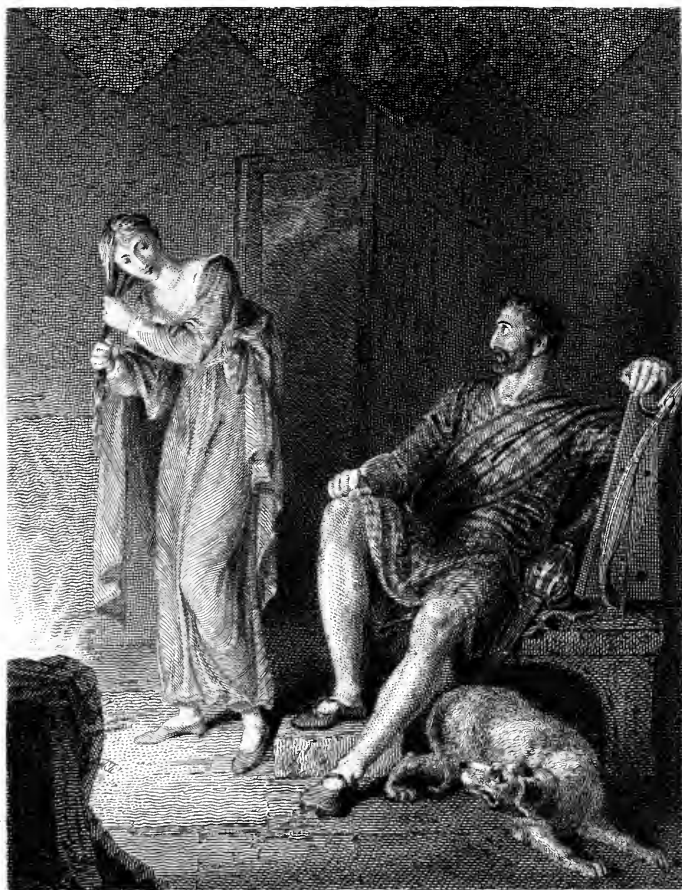
“ O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
“ In deep Glenfinlas’ moon-light glade,
“ A lovely maid in vest of green :

“ With her a chief in Highland pride ;
“ His shoulders bear the hunter’s bow,
“ The mountain dirk adorns his side,
“ Far on the wind his tartans flow ?”—

“ And who art thou ? and who are they ?”
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied :
“ And why, beneath the moon’s pale ray,
“ Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas’ side ?”—

“ Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
“ Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
“ Our father’s towers o’erhang her side,
“ The castle of the bold Glengyle.

“ To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
“ O’er woodland course this morn we bore,
“ And haply met, while wandering here,
“ The son of great Macgillianore.



Drawn by Rich^d Westall RA

Engraved by Rich^d Golding

GLENFINLAS.

AS, BENDING OER THE DYING GLEAM,

SHE RING THE MOISTURE FROM HER HAIR

Page 12

LONDON, PUBLISHED MAY 1. 1812. BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY



“ O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
 “ Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost ;
 “ Alone, I dare not venture there,
 “ Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.”—

“ Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there ;
 “ Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
 “ Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
 “ Which still must rise when mortals sleep.”—

“ O first, for pity’s gentle sake,
 “ Guide a lone wanderer on her way !
 “ For I must cross the haunted brake,
 “ And reach my father’s towers ere day.”—

“ First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
 “ And thrice a Pater-noster say ;
 “ Then kiss with me the holy reed ;
 “ So shall we safely wind our way.”—

“ O shame to knighthood, strange and foul !
 “ Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
 “ And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
 “ Which best befits thy sullen vow.

“ Not so, by high Duulathmon’s fire,
“ Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
“ When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
“ To wanton Morna’s melting eye.”—

Wild stared the Minstrel’s eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

“ And thou ! when by the blazing oak
“ I lay, to her and love resign’d,
“ Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
“ Or sailed ye on the midnight wind ?

“ Not thine a race of mortal blood,
“ Nor old Glengyle’s pretended line ;
“ Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
“ Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.”—

He mutter’d thrice St Oran’s rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan’s powerful prayer ;
Then turn’d him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind ;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew ;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear :
The slender hut in fragments flew ;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise ;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell ;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm ;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade :
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore ;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moncira's sullen rills !
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen !
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen !

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell ;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie' ! O hone a rie' !

The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

NOTES

ON

GLENFINLAS.

Well can the Saxon widows tell.—P. 4. v. 2.

The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their low-country neighbours.

How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree.—P. 4. v. 3.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed, *The Beltane-Tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

The seer's prophetic spirit found, &c.—P. 5. v. 1.

I can only describe the second sight by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it, while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

Will good St Oran's rule prevail.—P. 8. v. 1.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain dæmons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Reilig Ouran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer.—P. 14. v. 5.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7., tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut

suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July 1802, (a national periodical publication, which has lately revived with considerable energy,) there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, called the Quegrich, which he, and his predecessors, are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is, probably, the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars, concerning St Fillan, are to be found in *Ballenden's Bocce*, Book 4. folio cexiii., and in PENNANT's *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11. 15.

THE
EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended, on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a border-keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situa-

tion of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags, by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the author's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a border tale. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

THE
EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack * was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

* The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

The Baron returned in three days space,
And his looks were sad and sour ;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor*
Ran red with English blood ;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His action pierced and tore ;
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still ;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

“ Come thou hither, my little foot-page ;
“ Come hither to my knee ;
“ Though thou art young, and tender of age,
“ I think thou art true to me.

* See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.

“ Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,

“ And look thou tell me true !

“ Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,

“ What did thy lady do ?”

“ My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,

“ That burns on the wild Watchfold ;

“ For, from height to height, the beacons bright

“ Of the English foemen told.

“ The bittern clamoured from the moss,

“ The wind blew loud and shrill ;

“ Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,

“ To the eiry beacon hill.

“ I watched her steps, and silent came

“ Where she sat her on a stone ;

“ No watchman stood by the dreary flame ;

“ It burned all alone.

“ The second night I kept her in sight,

“ Till to the fire she came,

“ And, by Mary's might ! an armed Knight

“ Stood by the lonely flame.

“ And many a word that warlike lord
“ Did speak to my lady there ;
“ But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
“ And I heard not what they were.

“ The third night there the sky was fair,
“ And the mountain blast was still,
“ As again I watched the secret pair,
“ On the lonesome beacon hill.

“ And I heard her name the midnight hour,
“ And name this holy eve ;
“ And say, ‘ Come this night to thy lady’s bower ;
“ Ask no bold Baron’s leave.

‘ He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch ;
‘ His lady is all alone ;
‘ The door she’ll undo to her knight so true,
‘ On the eve of good Saint John.’

‘ I cannot come ; I must not come ;
‘ I dare not come to thee ;
‘ On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone :
‘ In thy bower I may not be.’

- ‘ Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight !
 ‘ Thou should’st not say me nay ;
 ‘ For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
 ‘ Is worth the whole summer’s day.
- ‘ And I’ll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall
 not sound,
 ‘ And rushes shall be strewed on the stair ;
 ‘ So, by the black rood-stone,* and by holy St John,
 ‘ I conjure thee, my love, to be there !’
- ‘ Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush be-
 neath my foot,
 ‘ And the warder his bugle should not blow,
 ‘ Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
 ‘ And my foot-step he would know.’
- ‘ O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east !
 ‘ For to Dryburgh † the way he has ta’en ;
 ‘ And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
 ‘ For the soul of a night that is slayne.’

* The black-rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

† Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Hali-burtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the right honourable the earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.

“ He turned him around, and grimly he frowned ;
“ Then he laughed right scornfully—
‘ He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that
knight,
‘ May as well say mass for me.

‘ At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have
power,
‘ In thy chamber will I be.’—
“ With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
“ And no more did I see.”—

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron’s brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high ;
“ Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
“ For, by Mary, he shall die !”

“ His arms shone full bright, in the beacon’s red
light :
“ His plume it was scarlet and blue ;
“ On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
“ And his crest was a branch of the yew.”

“Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
 “Loud dost thou lie to me !
 “For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
 “All under the Eildon-tree.”*

“Yet hear but my word, my noble lord !
 “For I heard her name his name ;
 “And that lady bright, she called the knight,
 “Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”

The bold Baron’s brow then changed, I trow,
 From high blood-red to pale—
 “The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and
 stark—
 “So I may not trust thy tale.

“Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
 “And Eildon slopes to the plain,
 “Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
 “That gay gallant was slain.

* Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

“ The varying light deceived thy sight,
“ And the wild winds drowned the name ;
“ For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
“ For Sir Richard of Coldinghame !”—

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the tower grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood ;
Looked over hill and dale ;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's* wood,
And all down Tiviotdale.

“ Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright !”
“ Now hail, thou Baron true !
“ What news, what news from Ancram fight !
“ What news from the bold Buccleuch ?”

“ The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
“ For many a southern fell ;
“ And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
“ To watch our beacons well.”—

* Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said ;
 Nor added the Baron a word :
 Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
 And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
 And oft to himself he said—
 “ The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is
 deep
 “ It cannot give up the dead !”

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
 The night was well nigh done,
 When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
 On the eve of good St John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
 By the light of a dying flame ;
 And she was aware of a knight stood there—
 Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

“ Alas ! away, away !” she cried,
 “ For the holy Virgin's sake !”
 “ Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side ;
 “ But, lady, he will not awake.

“ By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
“ In bloody grave have I lain ;
“ The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
“ But, lady, they are said in vain.

“ By the Baron’s brand, near Tweed’s fair strand,
“ Most foully slain I fell ;
“ And my restless sprite on the beacon’s height,
“ For a space is doomed to dwell.

“ At our trysting-place,* for a certain space,
“ I must wander to and fro ;
“ But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
“ Had’st thou not conjured me so.”

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed ;
“ How, Richard, hast thou sped ?
“ And art thou saved, or art thou lost ?”—
The Vision shook his head !

“ Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life :
“ So bid thy lord believe :
“ That lawless love is guilt above,
“ This awful sign receive.”

* *Trysting-place*—Place of rendezvous.

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam ;
 His right upon her hand ;
 The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
 For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable scere, of fingers four,
 Remains on that board impressed ;
 And for evermore that lady wore
 A covering on her wrist.

There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower,
 Ne'er looks upon the sun :
 There is a Monk in Melrose tower,
 He speaketh word to none.

That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
 That Monk, who speaks to none—
 That Nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
 That Monk the bold Baron.

NOTES

ON

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the king of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of lord Evers :

Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bas-	
till houses, burned and destroyed	192
Scots slain	403
Prisoners taken	816
Nolt (cattle)	10,386
Shepe	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,296
Gayt	200
Bolls of corn	850
Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.	
MURDIN'S <i>State Papers</i> , vol. I. p. 51.	

The king of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft*. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland with an army, consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English borderers, and 700 assured Scottishmen, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbills, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley), and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott * of Buccleuch came up, at full speed, with a small, but chosen, body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement,) Angus withdrew from the height which he

* The editor has found in no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the out-works, or barmkin, of the tower of Braugholm, burned; eight Scots slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; 30 Scots slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford), *smoked very sore*. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—*MURDIN'S State Papers*, pp. 45, 46.

occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Peniel-heugh. The spare horses, being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—*Godscroft*. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—*LESLEY*, p. 478. In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—*REDPATH'S Border History*, p. 553. Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of Douglas. "Is our brother-in-law offended,"* said he, "that I, as

* Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.

“ a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the
 “ defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They
 “ were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—
 “ and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry
 “ the skirts of Kirnetable :† I can keep myself there against
 “ all his English host.”—GONSCROFT.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lyliard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus :

Fair maiden Lyliard lies under this stane,
 Little was her stature, but great was her fame ;
 Upon the English lonus she laid mony thumps,
 And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.
Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. “ I have seen,” says the historian, “ under the broad
 “ seale of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketnes, in
 “ the countie of Ferfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest
 “ part of the same nation northward, given to John Eure and
 “ his heires, ancestor to the Lord Eure that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market, &c. dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34.”—Stowe's *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower.—P. 33. v. 3.

The circumstance of the nun, “ who never saw the day,” is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate

† Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.

female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Halliburton of Newmains, the editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries, as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man, to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.

CADYOW CASTLE.

THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and up-

wards, in circumference; and the state of decay in which they now appear, shews, that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids.—The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors, as having white manes, but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.*

In detailing the death of the regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting:—

“ Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the regent’s clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the regent’s favourites,† who seized his house,

* They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

† This was Sir James Ballenden, lord justice-clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—SPOTTISWOODE.

“ and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into
“ the open fields, where, before next morning, she be-
“ came furiously mad. This injury made a deeper im-
“ pression on him than the benefit he had received, and
“ from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the re-
“ gent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his pri-
“ vate resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, ap-
“ plauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age jus-
“ tified the most desperate course he could take to ob-
“ tain vengeance. He followed the regent for some
“ time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the
“ blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy
“ should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to
“ pass, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took
“ his stand in a wooden gallery,* which had a window
“ towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor,
“ to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung
“ up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might
“ not be observed from without; and, after all this pre-
“ paration, calmly expected the regent’s approach, who
“ had lodged, during the night, in a house not far dis-
“ tant. Some indistinct information of the danger which
“ threatened him had been conveyed to the regent, and
“ he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to re-

* This projecting gallery is still shown. The house, to which it was attached, was the property of the archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother of the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

“ turn by the same gate through which he had entered,
“ and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the
“ crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unac-
“ quainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the
“ street ; and the throng of people obliging him to move
“ very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an
“ aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through
“ the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a
“ gentleman, who rode on his other side. His follow-
“ ers instantly endeavoured to break into the house,
“ whence the blow had come ; but they found the door
“ strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced
“ open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, † which
“ stood ready for him at a back-passage, and was got far
“ beyond their reach. The regent died the same night
“ of his wound.”—*History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph ; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray’s army, were yet smoking ; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed, to his kinsmen, to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to as-

† The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commendator of Arbroath.

sassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man. —*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St Andrew's of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*Jebb*, vol. II. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it: as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or reward; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle wrong done

“ unto him, as the report goethe, accordinge to the vyle
“ trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the
“ Scottes.”—MURDIN’s *State Papers*, vol. I. p. 197.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid ! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise ;
Lo ! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where with the rock's wood-cover'd side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between :

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light ; the east is grey ;
The weary Warder leaves his tower ;
Steeds snort ; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The draw-bridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on ;
His shouting merry-men throng behind ;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetier than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,
The startling red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chace,
That roam in woody Caiedon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunters' quiver'd band,
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse*!*

* *Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
 The hunters rest the idle spear;
 Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
 Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
 On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
 Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
 That bore the name of Hamilton.

Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
 “ Still wont our weal and woe to share?
 “ Why comes he not our sport to grace?
 “ Why shares he not our hunter's fare?”—

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
 (Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he)
 “ At merry feast, or buxom chace,
 “ No more the warrior shalt thou see.

“ Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
 “ Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
 “ When to his hearths, in social glee,
 “ The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

“ There, wan from her maternal throes,
“ His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
“ Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
“ And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

“ O change accursed ! past are those days ;
“ False Murray’s ruthless spoilers came,
“ And, for the hearth’s domestic blaze,
“ Ascends destruction’s volumed flame.

“ What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
“ Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
“ Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
“ Oh is it she, the pallid rose ?

“ The wildered traveller sees her glide,
“ And hears her feeble voice with awe—
‘ Revenge,’ she cries, ‘ on Murray’s pride !
‘ And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh !’—

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheath’d his Arran brand.



Drawn by Rich^d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Amber Smith A.R.A.

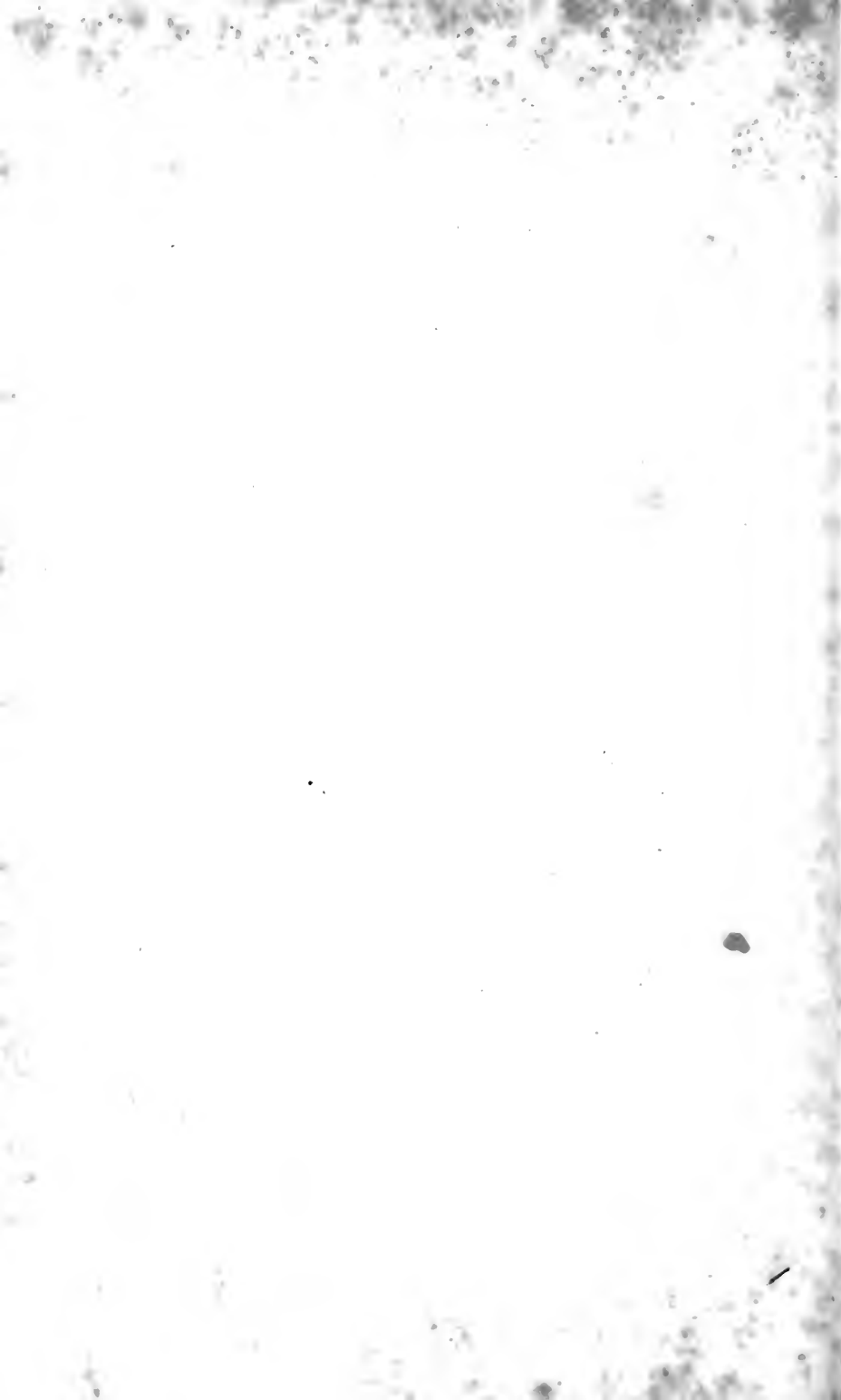
CADYOW CASTLE.

"WHAT SHEETED PHANTOM WANDERS WILD

"WHERE MOUNTAIN ESKE TROUGH WOODLAND FLOWS "

Page 30

LONDON, PUBLISHED MAY 1 1812 BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY



But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed ;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one, some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair ?—
—'Tis he ! 'tis he ! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,* and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
" In good greenwood the bugle blown,
" But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
" To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

" Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
" At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
" But prouder base-born Murray rode
" Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

* *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors,

“ From the wild Border’s humbled side,
“ In haughty triumph, marched he,
“ While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
“ And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

“ But, can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
“ Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
“ The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
“ Or change the purpose of Despair ?

“ With hackbut bent,* my secret stand,
“ Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
“ And marked, where, mingling in his band,
“ Troop’d Scottish pikes and English bows.

“ Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
“ Murder’s foul minion, led the van ;
“ And clashed their broad-swords in the rear,
“ The wild Macfarlanes’ plaided clan.

“ Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
“ Obsequious at their regent’s rein,
“ And haggard Lindesay’s iron eye,
“ That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

* *Hackbut bent*—Gun cock’d.

“ Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
 “ Proud Murray's plumage floated high ;
 “ Scarce could his trampling charger move,
 “ So close the minions crowded nigh.

“ From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
 “ Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
 “ And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
 “ Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

“ But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
 “ A passing shade of doubt and awe ;
 “ Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
 “ Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !

“ The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
 “ Wild rises tumult's startling roar !—
 “ And Murray's plummy helmet rings—
 “ —Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

“ What joy the raptured youth can feel,
 “ To hear her love the loved one tell,
 “ Or he, who broaches on his steel
 “ The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

“ But dearer, to my injured eye,
“ To see in dust proud Murray roll ;
“ And mine was ten times trebled joy,
“ To hear him groan his felon soul.

“ My Margaret’s spectre glided near ;
“ With pride her bleeding victim saw ;
“ And shrieked in his death-deafen’d ear,
“ Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !’

“ Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault !
“ Spread to the wind thy bannered tree !
“ Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—
“ Murray is fallen, and Scotland free.”——

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
“ Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed !
“ Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of flame !”——

But, see ! the minstrel vision fails,
The glimmering spears are seen no more ;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan’s lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance, shouting o'er the slain,
Lo ! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids, who list the minstrel's tale ;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale !

NOTES

ON

CADYOW CASTLE.

First of his troop, the chief rode on.—P. 47. v. 5.

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.—P. 48. v. 9.

In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui colore candissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac fœrus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu perflaverunt, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinuerint. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum laceratus omnes promiscue homines cornibus, ac ungulis peteret; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilaginosæ sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illum vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana inglutie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cumbernaldiæ, et Kincarniæ.—Leskæus Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13.

*Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he.)—P. 49. v. 4.*

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

Few suns have set since Woodhouselee.—P. 49. v. 5.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchindinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the college of justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

*Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed.—P. 51. v. 1.*

Birrell informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had fail'd him, he drew forth

"his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the
 "horse to leap a verey brode stanke (*i. e.* ditch), by whilk
 "means he escaipit, and gat away from all the rest of the hor-
 "ses."—BIRREL's *Diary*, p. 18.

From the wild Border's humbled side,

In haughty triumph, marched he.—P. 52. v. 1.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:

"So having stablischt all thing in this sort,
 "To Liddisdaill agane he did resort,
 "Throw L.wisdail, Eskdail, and all the daills rode he,
 "And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
 "Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before.
 "Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir so sair;
 "And, that thay suld na mair thair thift allege,
 "Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
 "Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour,
 "Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the bordour."
Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

With hackbut bent, my secret stand.—P. 52. v. 3.

The carbine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear.—P. 52. v. 4.

Of this noted person it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.—P. 52. v. 4.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "in this batayle the valiancic of an hieland gentleman, named
 "Macfarlane, stood the regent's part in great steede: for, in

“ the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the queen’s people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the Countesse of Murray, he recompenced that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle.” Calderwood’s account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that “ Macfarlane, with his highlanders, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the regent’s battle, said, ‘ Let them go ! I shall fill their place better :’ and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight.”—CALDERWOOD’S *MS.* *apud* KEITH, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,

Obsequious at their regent’s rein.—P. 52. v. 5.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton: his horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

And haggard Lindesay’s iron eye,

That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 52. v. 5.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regent’s faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary’s signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

*Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.*—P. 53. v. 1.

Richard Bannatyne mentions in his journal, that John Knox repeatedly warned Murray to avoid Linlithgow.

Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened.—With that infatuation, at which men wonder after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—SPOTTISWOODE, p. 233. BUCHANAN.

THE GREY BROTHER,

A FRAGMENT.

THE imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the author's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the author has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Laswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman, named Heron, who had

one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbottle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the south Esk, now a seat of the marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Chusing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.*

The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes, which they frequented, and the constant dangers, which were incurred through

* This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*, who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

“ About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew Normand’s house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, ‘ There are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;’ he halted a little again, saying, ‘ This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!’ Then there was a woman went out, ill-looking upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, that John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* (partition of the cottage): immediately he halted, and said, ‘ There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!’ The person went out, and he *insisted* (went on), yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.”—*The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway, Part II. § 26.*

THE GREY BROTHER.



THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on St Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneeled around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word, he quivered for fear,
And faltered in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropped it on the ground.

“ The breath of one of evil deed
“ Pollutes our sacred day ;
“ He has no portion in our creed,
“ No part in what I say.

“ A being, whom no blessed word
“ To ghostly peace can bring ;
“ A wretch, at whose approach abhorred,
“ Recoils each holy thing.

“ Up ! up ! unhappy ! haste, arise !
“ My adjuration fear !
“ I charge thee not to stop my voice,
“ Nor longer tarry here !”—

Amid them all a Pilgrim kneeled,
In gown of sackcloth gray ;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights, so drear,
I ween, he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seemed none more bent to pray ;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land,
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain ;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the Pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee ;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Aye, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest poured their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet !
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day ;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray ;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden ?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The Pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire ;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streaked the gray with red ;

And the convent-bell did vespers tell,
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song :

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the Pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Grey Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

“ Now, Christ thee save !” said the Grey Brother ;
“ Some pilgrim thou seemest to be.”
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

“ O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
“ Or bring reliques from over the sea,
“ Or come ye from the shrine of St James the divine,
“ Or St John of Beverly ?”—

“ I come not from the shrine of St James the divine,
“ Nor bring reliques from over the sea ;
“ I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
“ Which for ever will cling to me.”—

“ Now, woeful Pilgrim, say not so !

“ But kneel thee down by me,

“ And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,

“ That absolved thou may'st be.”—

“ And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,

“ That I should shrive to thee,

“ When he, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,

“ Has no power to pardon me?”—

“ O I am sent from a distant clime,

“ Five thousand miles away,

“ And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,

“ Done *here* 'twixt night and day.”—

The Pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,

And thus began his saye—

When on his neck an ice-cold hand

Did that Grey Brother laye.

* * * * *

NOTES

ON

THE GREY BROTHER.

*From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free.—P. 67. v. 4.*

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast*. The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

To Auchendinny's hazel glade.—P. 67. v. 4.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of the *Man of Feeling*, &c.

And haunted Woodhouselee.—P. 67. v. 4.

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the Ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 46.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove.—P. 67. v. 5.

Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Melville, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Laswade.

And Roslin's rocky glen.—P. 67. v. 5.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair, the Gothic Chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love.—P. 67. v. 5.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream, of the same name.

And classic Hawthornden.—P. 67. v. 5.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house, of more modern date, is inclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

“Where Jonson sate in Drummond's social shade.”

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea, at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Erceldoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult ; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birth-place, of this ancient bard, was Erceldoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname

was Lermont, or Learmont ; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length,* the son of our poet designs himself, “ Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun,” which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont ; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstan-

* *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library, W. 4. 14.*

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per fustem et baculum in pleno iudicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentiis suis quam ie teneamento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clamei que ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millessimo cc. Nonagesimo Nono.

ces, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*); which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached, as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation * as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red

* The lines alluded to are these :

I hope that Tomas's prophesie,
Of Erceldoun, shall truly be.
In him, &c.

Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Cartulary of Melrose*.

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet, and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun, of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle*,

Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
Of Ercsildoune, that sayd in derne,
Thare suld meit stalwartly, starke, and sterne.
He sayd it in his prophecy ;
But how he wist it was *ferly*.

Book VIII. Chap. 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of

future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the prior of Lochleven.*

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.† Accordingly, while Thomas

* Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge :

Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
With the minister, which was a worthy man.
He used oft to that religious place;
The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
Which happened sooth in many divers case;
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
In rule of war whether they tint or wan :
It may be deemed by division of grace, &c.

History of Wallace, Book II.

† See a Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to the ballad of TAM-LANE, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. II. p. 109. 3d edit.

was making merry with his friends, in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village.* The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is expected one day to revisit earth. In the mean while, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn, (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants.—The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the author unpardonable to dismiss a

* There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find at page 104 of this volume.

person, so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady, residing not far from Ercildoun, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the author has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of Cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer, and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned, with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faëry. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the author has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST—ANCIENT.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlic bank ;
A ferlic he spied wi' his e'e ;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,—
“ All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven !
“ For thy peer on earth I never did see.”

LYRICAL PIECES.

“ O no, O no, Thomas,” she said ;
“ That name does not belong to me ;
“ I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
“ That am hither come to visit thee.

“ Harp and carp, Thomas,” she said ;
“ Harp and carp along with me ;
“ And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
“ Sure of your body I will be.”—

“ Betide me weal, betide me woe,
“ That weird* shall never danton me.”
Synne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

“ Now, ye maun go wi’ me,” she said ;
“ True Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me ;
“ And ye maun serve me seven years,
“ Through weal or woe as may chance to be.”—

She mounted on her milk-white steed ;
She’s ta’en true Thomas up behind ;
And aye, whene’er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

That weird, &c.—That destiny shall never frighten me.

O they rade on, and farther on ;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind ;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

“ Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
“ And lean your head upon my knee :
“ Abide, and rest a little space,
“ And I will shew you ferlies threc.

“ O see ye not yon narrow road,
“ So thick beset with thorns and briers ?—
“ That is the path of righteousness,
“ Though after it but few enquires.

“ And see not ye that braid, braid road,
“ That lies across that lily leven ?—
“ That is the path of wickedness,
“ Though some call it the road to heaven.

“ And see not ye that bonny road,
“ That winds about the fernie brae ?—
“ That is the road to fair Elfland,
“ Where thou and I this night maun gae.

“ But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
“ Whatever ye may hear or see ;
“ For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
“ Ye’ll ne’er get back to your ain countrie.”—

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the kneec,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knce ;
For a’ the blude, that’s shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o’ that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu’d an apple frae a tree ;
“ Take this for thy wages, true Thomas ;
“ It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.”—

“ My tongue is mine ain,” true Thomas said ;
“ A gudely gift ye wad gie to me !
“ I neither dought to buy nor sell,
“ At fair or tryst, where I máy be.

“ I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
“ Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.”—
“ Now hold thy peace !” the ladye said,
“ For, as I say, so must it be.”—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green ;
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE AND APPENDIX

TO

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

She pu'd an apple frae a tree, &c.—P. 83. v. 4.

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the queen of Faëry. It will afford great amusement to those, who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the

older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophetia Thome de Erseldoun.

In a lande as I was lent,
 In the gryking of the day,
 Ay alone as I went,
 In Huntle bankys me for to play :
 I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
 Ye mawes mowyde of her song,
 Ye wodwale sange notes gay,
 That al the wod about range.
 In that longyng as I lay,
 Undir nethe a dern tre,
 I was war of a lady gay,
 Come rydyng ouyr a fair le ;
 Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,
 With my tong to wrabbe and wry,
 Certenly all hyr aray,
 It beth neuyr discryuyd for me.
 Hyr palfra was dappyll gray,
 Sycke on say neuer none,
 As the son in somers day,
 All abowte that lady shone ;
 Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,
 A semly syght it was to se,
 Brylt with mony a preecyous stone,
 And compasyd all with crapste,
 Stones of oryens gret plente.
 Her hair about her hede it hang,
 She rode ouer the farnyle.
 A while she blew, a while she sang,
 Her girths of nobil silke they were,
 Iier boculs were of beryl stone,
 Sadyll and brydil war - - :
 With sylk and sendel about bedonc,
 Hyr patyrel was of a pall fynce,
 And hyr croper of the arase,

Hyr brydil was of gold fyne,
 On euery syde forsothe hong bells thre,
 Hyr brydil reynes - - -
 A semly syzt - - -
 Crop and patyrel - - -
 In every joynt - - -
 She led thre grew houndes in a leash,
 And ratches cowpld by her ran;
 She bar an horn about her halse,
 And undir her gyrdil meny flenc.
 Thomas lay and sa - - -
 In the bankes of - - -
 He sayd yonder is Mary of Might,
 That bar the child that died for me,
 Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,
 Myd my hert will breke in thre;
 I schal me hye with all my might,
 Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tree.
 Thomas rathly up he rase,
 And ran ouer mountayn hye,
 If it be sothe the story says,
 He met her euyn at Eldyn tre.
 Thomas knelyd down on his kne
 Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
 And sayd, lovely lady, thou rue on me,
 Queen of heaven as you well may be!
 But I am a lady of another countrie,
 If I be pareld most of prise,
 I ride after the wild fee,
 My ratches rinnen at my devys.
 If thou be pareld most of prise,
 And rides a lady in strang foly,
 Lovely lady as thou art wise,
 Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
 Do way Thomas, that wert foly,
 I pray ye Thomas late me be,
 That sin will forde all my bewtie:
 Lovely ladye rewe on me,

And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
Where you beleues in heuyn or hell.
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou hadl ayn by a lady gay.
Lady I mote lyg by the,
Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
For all the gold in chrystenty,
Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet bot you may haf you will,
Trow you well Thomas, you cheuyst ye warre ;
For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
Down lyghted that lady bryzt,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
Seuyn tymes by her he lay.
She seyd, man you lyste thi play,
What Lerde in bouyr may dele with thee,
That maries me all this long day ;
I pray ye Thomas lat me be.
Thomas stode up in the stede,
And behelde the lady gay,
Her heyre hang downe about her hede,
The tone was blak, the other gray,
Her cyn seynt onte before was gray,
Her gay cleything was all away,
That he before had sene in that stede ;
Hyr body as blo as ony bede.
Thomas sighede, and sayd allas,
Me thy ke this a dullfull syght,
That thou art fadyd in the face,
Before you shone as son so bryzt.
Tak thy leue Thomas, at son and mone,
At gresse, and at euery tre,
This twechnonth sall you with me gone,

Medyl erth you sall not se.
Alas he seyð, ful wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.
She rode furth with all her myzt,
Undir nethe the derne lee,
It was as derke as at midnyzt,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but swowyng of a flode;
Thomas sayð, ful wo is me,
Nowe I spyll for fawte of fode;
To a garden she lede him tyte,
There was fruyte in grete plente,
Peyres and appless ther were rype,
The date and the damese,
The figge and als fylbert tre;
The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
The papigaye about gan fle,
The throstylcock sang wold hafe no rest.
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand
As man for faute that was faynt;
She seyð, Thomas lat al stand,
Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.
Sche said, Thomas I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
Than euyr sawe man in their kintre,
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fayr way,
That lyggs ouyr yone fayr playn?
Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
Whan synful sawles haf derayed their payne.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Streight is the way sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradyce.

Sees thou, Thomas, yone thyrd way,
That ligges ouyr yone how?
Wide is the way sothly to say,
To the brynyng fyres of heil.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayre castell,
That standes ouyr yone fayr hill?
Of town and tower it becreth the belle,
In middell erth is non like theretill.
Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye
I pray thu curteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Soke thu answer non but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx kniztes feir and fre;
I sall say syttyng on the desc,
I toke thy speche beyonde the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And behelde that ladye gaye;
Than was sche fayr and ryche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfreye.
The grewhoundes had fylde them on the dere,
The ratches coupled, by my fay,
She blewe her horn Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way.
The lady into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept hyr mony a lady gent,
With curtesy and lawe.
Harp and fedyl both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lut and rybib ther gon gang,
Thair was al maner of mynstralsy.
The most fertly that Thomas thoght,
When he com enyddes the flore,
Fourty hertes to quarry were broght,
That had ben befor both long and store.
Lymors lay lappyng blode,

And kokes stondyng with dressyng knyfe,
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
And rewell was thair wonder
Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.
Ladies that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of rych aray.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,
Til on a day alas, alas,
My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
Busk ye Thomas you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be :
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answerd with heuy cher,
And sayd, lowely ladye lat ma be,
For I say ye certainly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayés three.
Sothly Thomas as I telle ye,
You hath ben here thre yeres,
And here you may no longer be ;
And I sal tele ye a skele,
To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folke shall chuse his fee ;
For you art a larg man and an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
Fore all the golde that may be,
Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
Sal you not be betrayed for me,
And thairfor sall you hens wend.
She broght hym cuyn to Eldon tre,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.

Ferre ouyr yon montayns gray,
Ther hathe my facon ;
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

* * * * *

[The elfin queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the museum in the cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterborough ; but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr Jamieson, in his curious collection of Popular Ballads and Songs, lately published, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacune* of the former edition have been supplied from his copy.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

THE prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventures of "*Schir Gawain*," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know, at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death.

His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune, to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes of Dunbar*. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows :

“ La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Ercildoune quant la guerre d’Escocce prendreit fyn. E yl l’a repoundy et dyt.

“ When man is mad a kyng of a capped man ;
 When man is levere other mones thyng than is owen ;
 When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde ;
 When hares kendles o’ the her’ston ;
 When Wyt and Wille werres togedere :
 When mon makes stables of kirkes ; and steles castels with styes ;
 When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwyleye ;
 When Bambourne is donged with dede men ;
 When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and to sellen ;
 When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes ;
 When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prisoun ;

When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme that the English
ne shall hym fynde;
When rycht and wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedies;
When Scottes fien so faste, that for faute of shep, hy drowneth
himselve;
When shal this be?
Nouthir in thine tyme ne in mine;
Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

PINKERTON'S *Poems*, from MAITLAND'S MSS. *quoting*
from HARL. Lib. 2253, F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age), to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the introduction to the foregoing ballad). It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, or a

middle-aged, woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the Countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been composed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, "that
"there shall be no end of the Scottish war (concerning
"which the question was proposed), till a final conquest
"of the country by England, attended by all the usual
"severities of war. When the cultivated country shall
"become forest—says the prophecy;—when the wild
"animals shall inhabit the abode of men;—when Scots
"shall not be able to escape the English, should they
"crouch as hares in their form;"—All these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III., upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten markes, and a quarter of "whaty (indifferent) wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched, like

hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight “for faute of ships,”—thank God for that too. The prophecy, quoted in p. 86, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose. A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family :

The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth-stane,
And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library,—“When hares “kendles o’ the her’stane,”—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613 :

“This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
“The hare shall hirple on the hard (hearth) stane.”

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Er̄cildoun. “The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish “rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas the Rhymer*, may justly be admired ; having foretold, “so many ages before, the union of England and Scot- “land in the ninth degree of the Bruce’s blood, with

“ the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being
 “ yet a child, and other divers particulars, which the
 “ event hath ratified and made good. Boethius, in his
 “ story, relateth his prediction of King Alexander’s
 “ death, and that he did foretel the same to the Earl of
 “ March, the day before it fell out ; saying, ‘ That be-
 “ fore the next day at noon, such a tempest should
 “ blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years before.’
 “ The next morning, the day being clear, and no change
 “ appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Tho-
 “ mas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He re-
 “ plied, that noon was not yet passed. About which
 “ time, a post came to advertise the earl, of the king
 “ his sudden death. ‘ Then,’ said Thomas, ‘ this is the
 “ tempest I foretold ; and so it shall prove to Scotland.’
 “ Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly
 “ be affirmed ; but sure it is, that he did divine and
 “ answer truly of many things to come.”—SPOTTIS-
 WOODE, p. 47. Besides that notable voucher, master
 Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been
 so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of
 King Alexander’s death. That historian calls our bard
 “ *ruralis ille vates*.”—FORDUN, lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls “ the prophecies extant in
 Scottish rhyme,” are the metrical predictions ascribed
 to the prophet of Ercildoun, which, with many other
 compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of
 Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers,
 are contained in one small volume, published by Andro

Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The ground-work of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus :

Of Bruce's left side shall spring out as a leafe,
 As neere as the ninth degree ;
 And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
 In France farre beyond the sea,
 And then shall come againe ryding,
 With eyes that many men may see.
 At Aberladie he shall light,
 With hempen helteres and horse of tree.

— — —
 However it happen for to fall,
 The lyon shal be lord of all ;
 The French quen shal beare the sonne,
 Shal rule all Brittain to the sea ;
 Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
 As neere as the ninth degree.

— — —
 Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
 A keene man of courage and bold man of armes ;
 A duke's son doubled (*i. e.* dubbed), a borne man in France,
 That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our harmes ;

After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter ;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself,
Between 13 and thrice three the threip shal be ended,
The Saxons sall never recover after.

There cannot be any doubt, that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—"fleemit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land beside a lee, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future hal-

eyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully :

Our Scottish king sal come ful keene,
The red lyon beareth he ;
A feddered arrow sharp, I weene,
Shal make him winke and warre to see.
Out of the field he shall be led
When he is bludie and woe for blood ;
Yet to his men shall he say,
“ For God’s luv, turn you againe,
“ And give yon sutherne folk a frey !
“ Why should I lose the right is mine ?
“ My date is not to die this day.”

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV. ? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir-apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign :

The sternes three that day shall die,
That bears the hart in silver sheen.

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name :

At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt
Much gentle blood that day ;
There shall the bear lose the guilt,
And the eagill bear it away.

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made, with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who shewed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question :

“ Then to the Bairne could I say,
Where dwells thou, or in what countrie ?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,
From the north to the south sey ?
A Frenchie queene shall bare the sonne,
Shall rule all Britane to the sea ;
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree :
I frained fast what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country.]
In Erslington I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men calls me.”

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart's collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was

intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses :

Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the Lyon,
Four crescents under ne crowne,
With Saint Andrew's crose thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three ;
Take tent to Merling truely,
Then shall the warres ended be,
And never againe rise.

In that yere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crowned king ;
Because the prince shall be yong,
And tender of yeares.

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the " Moldwarte (England) by the fained " hart" (the Earl of Angus). The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus :

“ True Thomas me told in a troublesome time

“ In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills.”

The Prophecy of Gildas.

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

“ Marvellous Merling, that many men of tells,

“ And Thomas’s sayings comes all at once.”

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn Wyllt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued. That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon*, lib. 3, cap. 31. is an account of an interview betwixt St Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance, which he performs,

was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net :

*Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et unda
Haec tria Merlinum fertur inire necem .
Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque perpendi,
Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.*

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welch bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, enquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock ; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and, to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the Welch authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur ; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the

east side of the church-yard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:

When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch have.

On the day of the coronation of James VI. the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave.—PENNYCUICK'S *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to chuse, for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,* under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes † pursued over the mountain by a savage

* I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

† The strange occupation, in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating that the prophet had fled to the forests in a state of dis-

figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance :

traction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned, from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight), he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood ; and, having seated himself on a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him, with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus :

*Dixerat : et silvas et saltus circuit onnes,
Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,
Et damas, capreasque simul, cervoque rescit ;
Et veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,
Festinans vadit quo nubit Guendolana.
Postquam venit co, pacienter coegit
Cervos ante fores, proclamans, " Guendolana,
" Guendolana, veni, te talia munera spectant."
Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolana
Gestarique virum cerno miratur, et illum
Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum.
Uniri numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suavit ad herbas,
Stabat ab excelsa, sponsus spectando fenestra*

“ He was formed like a freike (man) all his four quarters ;
 “ And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
 “ With haire growing so grime, fearful to see.”

He answers briefly to Waldhave's enquiry, concerning his name and nature, that he “ drees his weird,” *i. e.* does penance, in that wood ; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,

“ Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt ;
 “ For I mean no more mna at this time.”

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern, in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V. ; for, among the amusements, with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are,

The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin.
Sir David Lindsay's Epistle to the King.

*In solio mirans equitem risunique morebat,
 Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset,
 Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua ceruo
 Quo gestabatur, vibrataque jecit in illum,
 Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
 Reddidit exanimem, vitamque fugavit in auras ;
 Ocuis inde suum, talorum verbere, cervum
 Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit.*

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton. library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, lately published by Mr Ellis.

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar :

This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
When a ladde with a ladye shall go over the fields.

The original stands thus :

When laddes weddeth lovedies.

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the regent Morton's execution.—When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says that he asked, “ Who was Earl of Arran ? ” “ and being answered that Captain James was the man, “ after a short pause, he said, ‘ And is it so ? I know “ then what I may look for ! ’ meaning, as was thought, “ that the old prophecy of the ‘ Falling of the heart * by “ the mouth of Arran,’ should then be fulfilled. Whe- “ ther this was his mind or not, it is not known ; but “ some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were “ banished, in which business he was held too earnest, “ to say, that he stood in fear of that prediction, and “ went that course only to disappoint it. But, if so it “ was, he did find himself now deluded ; for he fell by

* The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

"the mouth of another Arran than he imagined."—
SPOTTISWOODE, 313. The fatal words, alluded to, seem
to be these in the prophecy of Merlin :

"In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
"Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
"And derfly dung down without any dome."

To return from these desultory remarks, into which the editor has been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions* ; a circumstance, which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway*, and *Gawain and Gologras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to

the last prophecy ; as it contains certain curious information concerning the queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sybil : “ Here followeth a prophesie, pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the instance and request of the said king Sol, and others divers : and the fourth book was directed to a noble king, called Baldwine, king of the broad isle of Britain ; in the which she maketh mention of two noble princes and emperour , the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue, and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus ; that was Leprosus, the son of Saint Helene, that found the croce. The second is the sixt king of the name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our most noble king.” With such editors and commentators, what wonder that the text became unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular obscurity of prediction ?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed.

It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Erceldoune, a share of the admiration, bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example :

“ But then the lilye shal be loused when they least think ;
Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death ;
For churls shal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.

— — — — —
Thereafter on every side sorrow shal arise ;
The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken ;
Seculais shall sit in spiritual seats,
Occupying offices anointed as they were.”

Taking the lilye for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy ?

But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Harte's collection of prophecies has been frequently reprinted within the century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stewart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *FORDUN*, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar.

Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the abbey, should fall when "at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the scer, became universal; and happy were they, who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgement. It runs thus:

At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
A brigg ower Tweed you there may see.

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river ; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick (Comes Patrick), Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Erceldoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the author has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Harte's publication.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream ;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong ;
Of giant make he 'peared to be :
He stirred his horse as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of fashioun free.

Says—" Well met, well met, true Thomas !

Some uncouth ferlies shew to me."—

Says—" Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave !

Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me !

" Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,

And I will shew thee curses three,

Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,

And change the green to the black livery.

" A storm shall roar, this very hour,

From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea."—

" Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar !

For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."—

He put his hand on the earlie's head ;

He shewed him a rock, beside the sea,

Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,*

And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

" The neist curse lights on Branxton Hills :

By Flodden's high and heathery side,

Shall wave a bauner, red as blude,

And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

* King Alexander ; killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

“ A Scottish king shall come full keen ;
 The ruddy lion beareth he :
 A feathered arrow sharp, I ween,
 Shall make him wink and warre to see.

“ When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
 Thus to his men he still shall say—
 ‘ For God’s sake, turn ye back again,
 And give yon southern folk a fray !
 Why should I lose the right is mine ?
 My doom is not to die this day.’ *

“ Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
 And woe and wonder ye sall see ;
 How forty thousand spearmen stand,
 Where yon rank river meets the sea.

“ There shall the lion lose the gylte,
 And the libbards bear it clean away ;
 At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
 Much gentil blude that day.”—

* The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.

“ Enough, enough, of curse and ban ;
 Some blessing shew thou now to me,
 Or, by the faith o’ my bodie,” Corspatrick said,
 “ Ye shall rue the day ye e’er saw me !”—

“ The first of blessings I shall thee shew,
 Is by a burn, that’s called of bread ;*
 Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
 And find their arrows lack the head.

“ Beside that brigg, out-ower that burn,
 Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
 Shall many a falling courser spurn,
 And knights shall die in battle keen.

“ Beside a headless cross of stone,
 The libbards there shall lose the gree ;
 The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
 And drink the Saxon blood sae free.
 The cross of stone they shall not know,
 So thick the corses there shall be.”—

* One of Thomas’s rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus :

“ The burn of breid
 Shall run fow reid.”

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

“ But tell me now,” said brave Dunbar,
“ True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea ?”—

“ A French queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea :
He of the Bruce’s blude shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

“ The waters worship shall his race ;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea ;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.”—

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD—MODERN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The author, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Ercildoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in MR ELLIS's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 165, 3d. p. 410; a work to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be in-

teresting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that, so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist :

I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.
Now thame says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it seems nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steme,
Over all that is or was ;
If men it said as made Thomas, &c.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr Douce, of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance, where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Erceldoune :

Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,
Co que del nain dire se solent,
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
Li nain redut Tristram narrer,
E entusché par grant engin,
Quant il afole Kaherdin ;
Pur cest plaie e pur cest mal,
Enveiad Tristan Guvernal,

En Engleterre pur Ysolt
THOMAS ico granter ne volt,
Et si volt par raisun mostrer,
Qu' ico ne put pas esteer, &c.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analysed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance, just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

WHEN seven years more had come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw shewed high Dunyon
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
Pitched palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie ;*
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.

* *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall ;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music, nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs* of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done ;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hushed were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale ;
And armed lords leaned on their swords,
And hearkened to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet poured along ;
No after bard might e'er avail†
Those numbers to prolong.

* *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

† See introduction to this ballad.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round :
The warrior of the lake ;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell ;
Was none excelled, in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venomed wound he bore ;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand ;
No medicine could be found,
'Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part ;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween !
For, doomed in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove ;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High reared its glittering head ;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brengwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye ;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he ?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand ;
With agony his heart is wrung :
O where is Isolde's lily hand,
And where her soothing tongue ?

She comes, she comes ! like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly :
She comes, she comes !—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die : her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath :
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp ; its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear ;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seemed to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh ;
But, half-ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close ;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dreamed o'er the woeful tale ;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes :—" What, Richard, ho !
Arise, my page, arise !
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies !" —

Then forth they rushed : by Leader's tide,
A selcouth * sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

* *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow ;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run ;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his cloaths did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red ;
Never a word he spake but three ;—
“ My sand is run ; my thread is spun ;
This sign regardeth me.”—

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung ;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went ; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall ;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moon-beams fall.

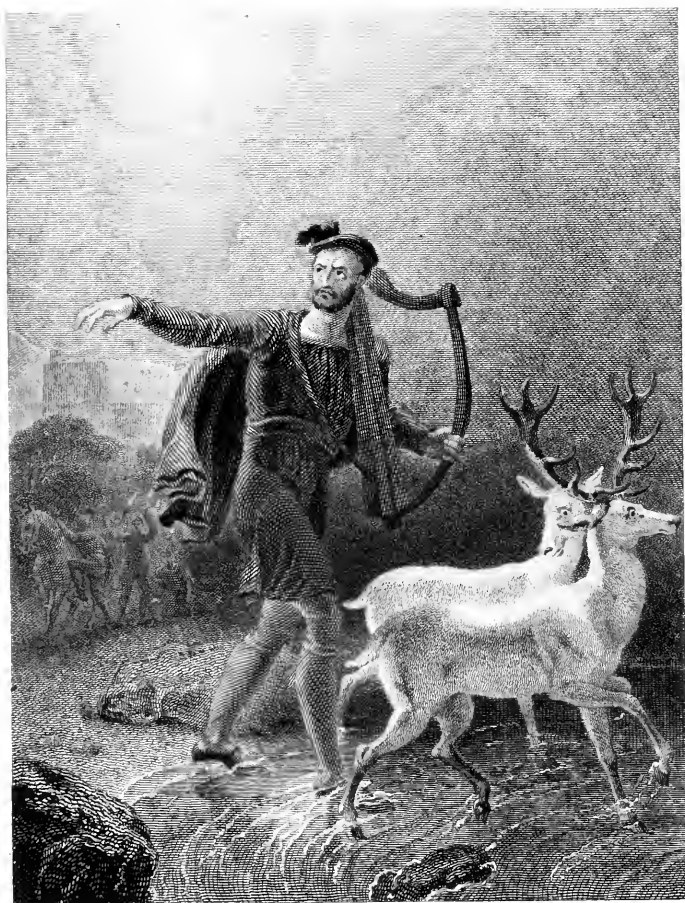
And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray :
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

" Farewell, my father's ancient tower !
A long farewell," said he :
" The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

" To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong ;
And on thy hospitable hearth
The hare shall leave her young.

" Adieu ! Adieu !" again he cried,
All as he turned him roun'—
" Farewell to Leader's silver tide !
Farewell to Ercildoune !" —

The hart and hind approached the place,
As lingering yet he stood ;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he crossed the flood.



Drawn by Rich^d Westall. RA.

Engraved by J. G. England.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

AND THERE BEFORE LORD DOUGLAS FACE

WITH THEM HE CROSSED THE FLOOD.

Page 120

LONDON, PUBLISHED MAY 1, 1812 BY JOHN SHERREPP, PRINTER.



Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed,
And spurred him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some sayd to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

NOTES

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

And Ruberslaw shewed high Dunyon.—P. 123. v. 1.

Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two high hills above Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow.—P. 123. v. 2.

An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus :

Vengeance ! vengeance !—when and where ?

On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair !

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody, called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows*.

They roused the deer from Caddenhead,

To distant Torwoodlee.—P. 123. v. 3.

Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

How courteous Gawaine met the wound.—P. 125. v. 2.

See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword*.

As white as snow on Fairnalie.—P. 128. v. 5.

An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the fairy queen thus addresses him :

“ Gin ye wad meet wi’ me again,

“ Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie.”

THE
FIRE-KING.

“The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him.” *Eastern Tale.*

This ballad was written at the request of MR LEWIS, to be inserted in his “Tales of Wonder.” It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a knight-templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

“ Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land? ”—

“ O well goes the warfare by Gallilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won. ”—

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung:
“ Oh palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

“ And palmer, good palmer, by Gallilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rushed on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon? ”—

“ O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows ;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows ;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high ;
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

“ The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls ;
The pure stream runs muddy ; the gay hope is gone ;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.”—

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed ;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need ;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he ;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

“ Oh Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee :
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take ;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

“ And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema’s sake.

“ And, last, thou shalt aid us with council and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine’s land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I’ll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema’s sake.”—

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta’en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until day-break; but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round ;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing ;
They searched Albert's body, and, lo ! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again ;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell !—
It was his good angel that bade him farewell !

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat ;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trod,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad ;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high ;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm ;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad faulchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke :—
“ With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore.”—

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon ; and see !
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee :
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on his whirlwind, the Phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong ;
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Gallilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave ;
Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of St John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side ;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross shield ;
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-bow ;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—
“ *Bonne grace, notre Dame,*” he unwittingly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er ;
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more ;
But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntletted hand ;
He stretched, with one buffet, that Page on the strand ;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eye-balls, and blood-clotted hair ;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crosletted shield ;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched mid the slain ?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee ?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

The Lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound :
Her soul to high mercy Our Ladye did bring ;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend MR LEWIS, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homewards hastes his steps to measure;
Careless casts the parting glance,
On the scene of former pleasure;

Joying in his prancing steed;
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruined, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone ;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs !
See, the tear of anguish flows !—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she prayed ;
Seven long days and nights are o'er ;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides ;
Marking, blythe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour ?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wandered, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruined aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound ;
Down a ruined staircase, slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie !
Glimmering lights are seen to glide !—
“ Blessed Mary, hear my cry !
Deign a sinner’s steps to guide !”—

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mixed with peals of laughter, rose ;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close !

Midst the din, he seemed to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed ;—
Well he knew that solemn air,
’Twas the lay that Alice loved.

Hark ! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke ;
Four times, at its deadened swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthened clangours die,
Slowly opes the iron door !
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore !

Coffins for the seats extend ;
All with black the board was spread ;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since numbered with the dead !

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat ;
All arose, with thundering sound ;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell ;
“ Welcome, traitor, to the grave !
Perjured, bid the light farewell ! ” —

THE
WILD HUNSMEN.

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Falkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chace, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds, heard in the depth of a German forest during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of

the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horse's feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, "*Gluck zu, Falkenburg!*" (Good sport to ye, Falkenburg!) "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a hoarse voice, "thou shalt share the game;" and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in "Sully's Memoirs," who says he was called, *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description

of this phantom chace, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire :

“ Ere since, of old, the haughty thanes of Ross,—
 So to the simple swain tradition tells,—
 Were wont with clans, and ready vassals thronged,
 To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,
 There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
 Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
 And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
 And horns, hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen :—
 Forthwith, the hubbub multiplies ; the gale
 Labours with wilder shricks, and rifer din
 Of hot pursuit ; the broken cry of deer
 Mangled by throttling dogs ; the shouts of men,
 And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
 Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
 Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
 Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
 The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
 Yet not one trace of living wight discerns ;
 Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
 To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
 To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend ;
 But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.”

Scottish Descriptive Poems, pp. 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesly, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted reliques had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

THE
WILD HUNSMEN.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse ! halloo, halloo !
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake ;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled :

But still the Wildgrave onward rides ;
 Halloo ! halloo ! and, hark again !
When, spurring from opposing sides,
 Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
 Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
 The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
 His smile was like the morn of May ;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
 Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
 Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble lord !
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
 To match the princely chase afford ?"—

" Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
 Cried the fair youth, with silver voice ;
" And for devotion's choral swell,
 Exchange the rude unhallowed noise,

“ To-day, the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain.”—

“ Away, and sweep the glades along !”
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
“ To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries.”—

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
“ Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound ?

“ Hence, if our manly sport offend !
With pious fools go chaunt and pray:—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo ! and, hark away !”—

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left, and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below;—
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman, with toil embrowned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earned by the sweat these brows have poured,
In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

‘ Away, thou hound ! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge’s echoing blow !”
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
“ Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !”—

So said, so done :—A single bound
Clears the poor labourer’s humble pale ;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December’s stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along ;
While, joying o’er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again up-roused, the timorous prey
Scours moss, and moor, and holt, and hill ;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous, solitude appeared ;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd ;
Amid the flock’s domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss, and moor, and holt, and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
“O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!”—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

—“Unmannered dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!”—

Again he winds his bugle horn,
“Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!”
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
 Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
 The murderous cries the stag appal,—
 Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
 While big the tears of anguish pour,
 He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
 The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man, and horse, and horn, and hound,
 Fast rattling on his traces go;
 The sacred chapel rung around
 With, "Hark away! and, holla, ho!"

All mild, amid the route profane,
 The holy hermit poured his prayer;—
 "Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
 Revere his altar and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
 Which, wronged by cruelty, or pride,
 Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:
 Be warned at length, and turn aside."—

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey :—
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

“ Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rights, I spurn ;
Not sainted martyrs’ sacred song,
Not God himself shall make me turn !”—

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
“ Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !”—
But off, on whirlwind’s pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
And clamour of the chase, was gone ;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn;
In vain to call, for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
No distant baying reached his ears :
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark, as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke ;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

“ Oppressor of creation fair !
Apostate Spirits' hardened tool !
Scorner of God ! Scourge of the poor !
The measure of thy cup is full.

“ Be chased for ever through the wood ;
For ever roam the affrighted wild ;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is his child.”—

'Twas hushed : One flash, of sombre glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown ;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill ;
A rising wind began to sing ;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call ;—Her entrails rend ;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, " Hark away, and holla ho !"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs, and eager cry;—
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end :
By day, they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears ;
Appalled, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of, " Holla ho !"

THE
ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

It is necessary the Reader should be informed, that in the legends of Danish superstition, certain mischievous Spirits are supposed to preside over the different Elements, and to amuse themselves with inflicting calamities on man. One of these is termed the WATER-KING, another the FIRE-KING, and a third the CLOUD-KING. The Hero of the present piece is the ERL or OAK-KING—a Fiend, who is supposed to dwell in the recesses of the forest, and thence to issue forth upon the benighted traveller to lure him to his destruction.

O! who rides by night through the woodlands so wild?
It is the fond Father embracing his Child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
From the blast of the tempest to keep himself warm.

“ O father ! see yonder ! see yonder ! ” he says.
“ My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze ? ”
“ O ! ’tis the Erl-King, with his staff and his shroud ! ”
“ No, my love ! it is but a dark wreath of the cloud.”

THE PHANTOM SPEAKS.

“ O ! wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest child ?
By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguiled ;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy.”—

“ O father ! my father ! and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so close in my ear ? ”—
“ Be still, my loved darling, my child, be at ease !
It was but the wild blast as it howled through the trees.”—

THE PHANTOM.

“ O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy ?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy ;
She shall bear thee so lightly through wet and through wild,
And hug thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child.”—

“ O father ! my father ! and saw you not plain
The Erl-King’s pale daughter glide past through the rain ? ”—
“ O no, my heart’s treasure ! I knew it full soon,
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon.”—

THE PHANTOM.

“ Come with me, come with me, no longer delay !

Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.”—

“ O father ! O father ! now, now, keep your hold !

The Erl-king has seized me—his grasp is so cold.”—

Sore trembled the father ; he spurred through the wild,

Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child.

He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread ;

But, clasped to his bosom, the infant was dead !

S O N G S.



WAR-SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

“ Nennius. Is not peace the end of arms?

Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
 Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our landmarks,
 The taking in of some rebellious lord,
 Or making head against a slight commotion,
 After a day of blood, peace might be argued :
 But where we grapple for the land we live on,
 The liberty we hold more dear than life,
 The gods we worship, and, next these, our honours,
 And, with those, swords, that know no end of battle—
 Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
 Those minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
 And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
 And, where they march, but measure out more ground
 To add to Rome——

It must not be.—No ! as they are our foes,
 Let's use the peace of honour—that's fair dealing ;
 But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
 That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
 Must first begin his kindred under ground,
 And be allied in ashes.”——

BONDUCA.

The following War-Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers, to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expence. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry. The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was no where more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a Regiment of Cavalry, from the City and County, and two Corps of Artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*"

WAR-SONG
OF THE
ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call ;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true ;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd ;
We boast the red and blue. *

* The Royal Colours.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull Holland's tardy train ;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

O ! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain ;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home ! and farewell friends !
Adieu each tender tie !
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
High sounds our bugle call ;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty* !
March forward, one and all !

NOTE
ON
THE WAR-SONG.

*O ! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave.—P. 170. v. 2.*

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss guards, on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorised the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.

THE
NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

AIR—The War-song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welch, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Cuerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.

Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground !

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle horn ;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride,
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream ;
They vowed, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

III.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows ;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide !
And sooth they vowed—the trampled green
Shewed where hot Neville's charge had been ;
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horsenman's curdling blood !

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE
DYING BARD.

AIR—Daffydz Gangwen.

The Welch tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting, that it might be performed at his funeral.

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn, thy glories of shade
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And Oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards that have been;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell!
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

THE
MAID OF TORO.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sorely sighed to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
' O, saints ! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending ;
Sweet Virgin ! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die !"—

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chace's wild clamour, came loading the gale
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary ;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen ;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

“ O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying !

O save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low !

Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying ;

And fast through the woodland approaches the foe.”—

Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,

And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair:

And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,

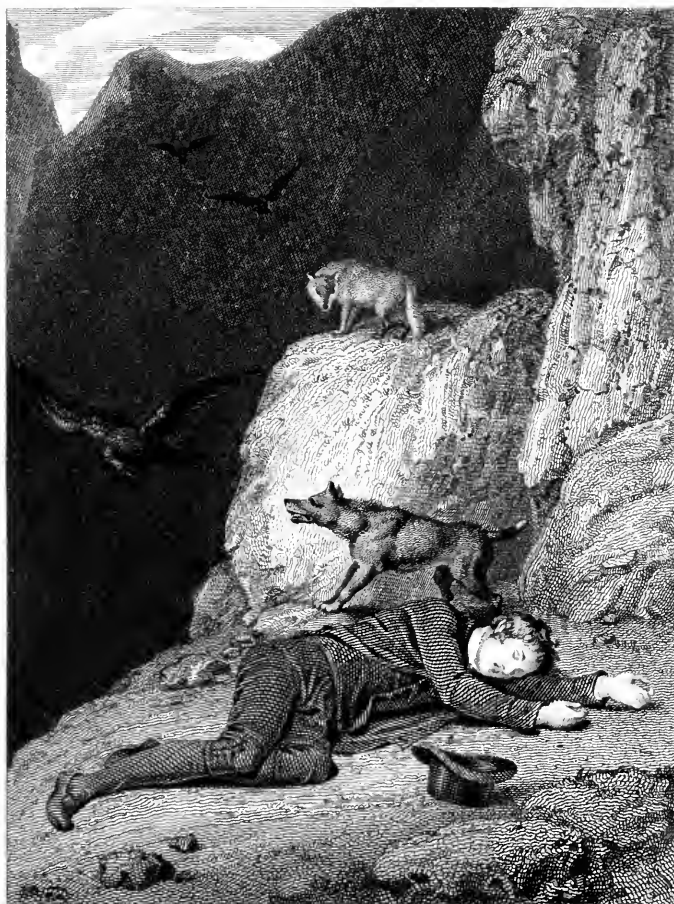
For ever he set to the Brave, and the Fair.

HELLVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.



Drawn by Rich^d Westall, Esq.

Engraved by J. Smith, Esq.

SCOTCH FIDELITY

THE MUCH LOVED REMAINS OF HER MASTER DEFENDED
AND CHASED THE HILL FOX AND THE RAVEN AWAY

(Part 2.)

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. SHARPP, PICCADILLY, 1817.



Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start?

How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, Oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him;—
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb ;
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

EDINBURGH :

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

THE
VISION
OF
DON RODERICK,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THE SECOND EDITION.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO.,
EDINBURGH :
ALSO BY LONGMAN AND CO., WILLIAM MILLER,
WHITE AND CO., AND GALE AND CO.,
LONDON.

1811.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Publishers have been enabled to add to the present Edition of Don Roderick, several of Mr Scott's smaller Poems, which, though they have before been published separately, are not to be found elsewhere in a collected state.*



CONTENTS.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

	PAGE.
Introduction	17
The Vision	27
Conclusion	71
Notes	85

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Palmer	135
The Maid of Niedpath	139
Wandering Willie	144
Hunting Song	148
The Violet	151
To a Lady, with Flowers from a Roman Wall ...	153
The Bard's Incantation	154
The Resolve	159
Epitaph	163



TO
JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND TO THE
COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUEZE
SUFFERERS, IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND
UNDER THEIR MANAGEMENT,

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

WALTER SCOTT.



THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes ; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens, who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula ; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these repre-

sents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portugeze in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms ; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of BUONAPARTE ; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspecting and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence,

to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President BLAIR, and Lord Viscount MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life ; and I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.



THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,
Vox humana valet !*———CLAUDIAN.



INTRODUCTION.

I.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war,
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?
Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could
mar,
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

II.

Yes ! such a strain, with all o'er-powering measure,
sure,

Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around ;
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age ?

Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last ; for Homer's rage
A theme ; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band !

IV.

Ye mountains stern ! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose ;
Ye torrents ! whose hoarse sounds have soothed
their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes ;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of bards or druids flung,
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch
sung.

V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long!
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in
song.

VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From muse or sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;

Careless he gave his numbers to the air,—
They came unsought for, if applauses came ;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer ;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse !—forgot the poet's name.

VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost :
“ Minstrel ! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire ;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due :
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles
blew.

VIII.

“ Decayed our old traditionary lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore’s haunted
spring ;
Savewhere their legends grey-hair’d shepherds sing,
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of feuds obscure, and border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.

“ No ! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous chaunts some favour’d
name ;

Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet ;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme,
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet !

X.

“ Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruined breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose ;
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

XI.

“ There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native’s eye ;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles’ dearest pride,
Iberia ! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—’gainst fortune fought
and died.

XII.

“ And cherished still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine ;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign ;

Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine

With Gothic imagery of darker shade,

Forming a model meet for minstrel line.

Go, seek such theme !"—The Mountain Spirit
said :

With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obeyed.



THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

I.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretched below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night ;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp ;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair
lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders armed
between.

III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
Their post beneath the proud Cathedral hold :

A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport :—
“What ! will Don Roderick here till morning
stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away ?
And are his hours in such dull penance past
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay ?”—
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth
at last.

V.

But, far within, Toledo's prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King ;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing :
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly uttered to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom
wring,
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd ;
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.

While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience
shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, remorse a warrior's look.

VII.

The old man's faded cheek waxed yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the king bewray'd ;
And sign and glance eked out the unfinished tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.—
“ Thus royal Witiza * was slain,”—he said ;

* The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.

“ Yet, holy father, deem not it was I.”—

Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade—

“ Oh rather deem ’twas stern necessity !

Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

“ And, if Florinda’s shrieks alarmed the air,

If she invoked her absent sire in vain,

And on her knees implored that I would spare,

Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain !—

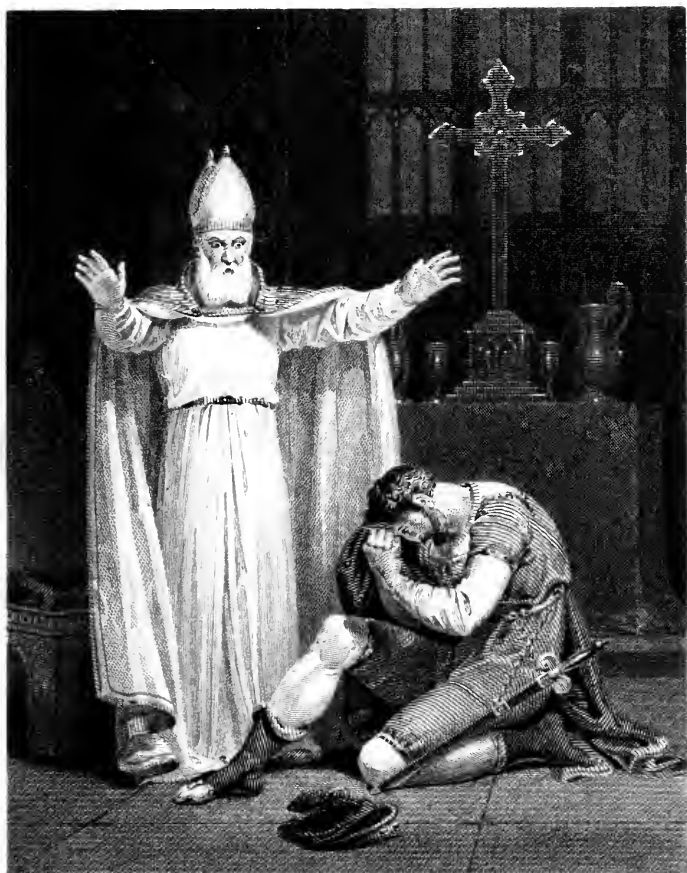
All is not as it seems—the female train

Know by their bearing to disguise their mood :”—

But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,

Sent to the Monarch’s cheek the burning blood—

He stay’d his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate
stood.



Drawn by Rich^d Westall. R.A.

Page 2.

Engraved by Saml. Nodding.

VISION OF DON RODERICK

HE STAND HIS SPEECH ABRUPT AND UP THE PRELATE STOOD
Sto. M.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK BY JOHN MILTON. 1633.



IX.

“ O hardened offspring of an iron race !

What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say ?

What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface

Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away !

For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,

Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his
boast ?

How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,

Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,

He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be
lost.”—

X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,

And to his brow returned its dauntless gloom ;

“ And welcome then,” he cried, “ be blood for blood,

For treason treachery, for dishonour doom !

Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.

Shew, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,

And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,

Where, if aught true in old tradition be,

His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."—

XI.

“ Ill-fated prince ! recall the desperate word,

Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey !

Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford

Never to former Monarch entrance-way ;

Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,

Save to a king, the last of all his line,

What time his empire totters to decay,

And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,

And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine.”—

XII.

—“ Prelate ! a Monarch’s fate brooks no delay ;
Lead on ! ”—The ponderous key the old man
took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gate-way bent his look ;
And, as the key the desperate King essay’d,
Low-muttered thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopped, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts rolled back, and the loud hinges
bray’d.

XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall ;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
Of polished marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o’er with signs and characters unknown.

A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could
not spy ;
For window to the upper air was none ;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.

Grim centinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place ;
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seemed for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinned before the avenging flood ;
This grasped a scythe, that rested on a mace ;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering
stood,
Each stubborn seemed and stern, immutable of mood.

XV.

Fixed was the right-hand Giant's brazen look

Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,

As if its ebb he measured by a book,

Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand ;

In which was wrote of many a falling land,

Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven ;

And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—

“ LO, DESTINY and TIME ! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given.”—

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away ;

And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,

That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,

As one that startles from a heavy sleep.

Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and
wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
Realms as of Spain in visioned prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand pourtray'd :
Here, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye;
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep-embrowned by forests huge and high,
Or washed by mighty streams, that slowly mur-
mured by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage
Passed forth the bands of masquers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed ;
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants filled that mystic scene,
Shewing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been ;
And ever and anon strange sounds were heard
between.

XIX.

First shrilled an unrepeated female shriek !—
It seemed as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his check.—
Then answered kettle-drum and atabal,

Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelies yell,
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
“ The Moor !” he cried, “ the Moor !—ring out the
Tocsin bell !

XX.

“ They come ! they come ! I see the groaning lands
White with the turbans of each Arab horde,
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The choice they yield the Koran or the sword.—
See how the Christians rush to arms amain !—
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roared ;
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause
of Spain !”





Drawn by Rich^d Westall, R.A.

Page 12

Engraved by A. Rambach

VISION OF DON RODERICK.

"RIVERS ENGULPH HIM!" "HUSH!" IN SHUDDERING TONE,
THE PRELATE SAID, "RASH PRINCE, YON VISIONED FORM'S THINE OWN!"
SON XI.

ON DON, OF THE SWORD, SAYS A LIE, BY OWEN SCHARPE PLEASANTLY

XXI.

“By heaven, the Moors prevail ! the Christians yield !—

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign !

The sceptered craven mounts to quit the field—

Is not yon steed Orelia ?—Yes, ’tis mine !

But never was she turned from battle-line :

Lo ! where the recreant spurs o’er stock and stone !—

Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine !

Rivers ingulph him !”—“Hush,” in shuddering
tone,

The Prelate said ; “rash Prince, yon visioned form’s
thine own.”—

XXII.

Just then, a torrent crossed the flier’s course ;

The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried ;

But the deep eddies whelmed both man and horse,

Swept like benighted peasant down the tide ;

And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,
As numerous as their native locust band ;
Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,
With naked scimitars mete out the land,
And for their bondsmen base the freeborn natives
brand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to inclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line ;
Then, menials to their misbelieving foes,
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine ;
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
Echoed, for holy hymn and organ-tone,
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering
moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick ?—E'en as one who spies
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable
woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief;
And, while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

XXV.

That scythe-armed Giant turned his fatal glass,
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;

And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land as evening seemed to set,
The Imaum's chaunt was heard from mosque or
minaret.

XXVI.

So passed that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapped in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were crossed by sheets
of flame ;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
Till Roderick deemed the fiends had burst their yoke,
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone !
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known ;
Light'ning and smoke her breath, and thunder was
her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—

The Christians have regained their heritage ;
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,

And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.

The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii these of Spain for many an age ;

This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was
hight.

XXVIII.

VALOUR was harnessed like a Chief of old,

Armed at all points, and prompt for knightly
gest ;

His sword was tempered in the Ebro cold,

Morena's eagle-plume adorned his crest,

The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.

Fierce he stepped forward and flung down his gage,
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.

Him followed his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master sung, the dangerous Archimage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights and fame,
Yet was that bare-foot Monk more proud than
he;

And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renowned,
Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly
kissed the ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaisar veiled his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast, or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stooped ever to that Anchoret's behest ;
Nor reasoned of the right nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world
along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud gallies sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn ;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—
Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,

Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood — With grisly scowl
The Hermit marked the stains, and smiled beneath
his cowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways.
But with the incense breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prisoned victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire,
While, mid the mingled sounds, the darkened scenes
expire.

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand ;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage hand ;
When for the light Bolero ready stand
The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,
He conscious of his broidered cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perched to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became ;
For VALOUR had relaxed his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretched, full loth the weight of arms to
brook ;

And softened BIGOTRY, upon his book,
Pattered a task of little good or ill :
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry Seguidille.

XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold,
And careless saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her Minion bold.
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far ;
Beneath the chesnut tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose the evening
star.

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly over-shadowing Israel's land,
Awhile, perchance, bedecked with colours sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud—
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howled
aloud ;—

XXXVII.

Even so upon that peaceful scene was poured,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
And HE, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offered peaceful front and open hand ;

Veiling the perjured treachery he planned,
By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land ;
Then, burst were honour's oath, and friend-
ship's ties !
He clutched his vulture-grasp, and called fair Spain
his prize.

XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore ;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for piety or shame ;
Who, train'd a soldier, deemed a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name ;
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Recked not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.

XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came :

The spark, that, from a suburb hovel's hearth

Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,

Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.

And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—

The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,

That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,

And by destruction bids its fame endure,

Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form :

Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor shew'd,

With which she beckoned him through fight and

storm,

And all he crushed that crossed his desperate road,

Northought, nor feared, nor looked on what he trode;
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not
 slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
 It was AMBITION bade his terrors wake,
Nor deigned she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurned at mean revenge,
 Or staid her hand for conquered foeman's moan,
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
 By Caesar's side she crossed the Rubicon;
Nor joyed she to bestow the spoils she won,
 As when the banded powers of Greece were tasked
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:
 No seemly veil her modern minion asked,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend un-
 masqued.

XLII.

That Prelate marked his march—On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed ;
“ And hopest thou, then,” he said, “ thy power
shall stand ?
O thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood ;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand !
Gore-moistened trees shall perish in the bud,
And, by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood ! ” —

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckoned from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, “ Cas-
tile ! ”

Not that he loved him—No !—in no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joyed that sullen heart ;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,
Nor brooked they long their friendly faith abused ;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, " To arms !" and fast to arms they
sprung.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land !
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst the awakening Nazarite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clenched his
dreadful hand.

XLV.

That mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doffed his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown,
These martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard awhile his substituted throne—
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their
own.

XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echoed from Corunna's wall ;
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall ;

Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

But unappalled, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure ;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And trained alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to insure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure ;
Whilenought against them bring the unpractised
foe,
Save hearts for freedom's cause, and hands for free-
dom's blow.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but O ! they march not forth,
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroyed at every stoop an ancient reign !
Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain ;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remained their savage waste. With blade and
brand,
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band

Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claimed for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murderous hand,
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw,
Midst ruins they had made the spoilers' corpses knew.

L.

What Minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the visioned strife from sea to sea,
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honoured in defeat as victory !
For that sad pageant of events to be,
Shewed every form of fight by field and flood ;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest-scud,
The waters choaked with slain, the earth bedrenched with
blood !

LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honour due !
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true !
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shattered ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody
tomb,

LII.

Yet, raise thy head, sad City ! Though in chains,
Enthrall'd thou canst not be ! Arise and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
For what thou worshippest !—thy sainted Dame,

She of the Column, honoured be her name,
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love !
And like the sacred reliques of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the blessed above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove !

LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair !
Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung,
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung ;
Now thicker darkening where the mine was
sprung,
Now briefly lightened by the cannon's flare,
Now arched with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
And reddening now with conflagration's glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

LIV.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darkened was the sky,
And wide Destruction stunned the listening ear,
Appalled the heart, and stupified the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
Whene'er her soul is up and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be
light.

LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.

From mast and stern St George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear ;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flashed the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach returned the seaman's jovial cheer.

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight !
The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean
come !

LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light ;
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing
mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.

Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with
the Laws.

LIX.

And O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;
But ne'er in battle-field throb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe, that for such onset
staid !

LX.

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee :
Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she :
And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle !—the Hero is thine
own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with light'ning blaze :—

But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise ?

Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs
room ?

And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,

That claim a long eternity to bloom

Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's
tomb !

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,

And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil

That hides futurity from anxious hope,

Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,

And painting Europe rousing at the tale

Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,

While kindling nations buckle on their mail,

And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl'd,

To freedom and revenge awakes an injured World !

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,

Since Fate has marked futurity her own :—

Yet fate resigns to Worth the glorious past,

The deeds recorded and the laurels won.

Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,

King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,

Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,

Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,

One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain !



CONCLUSION.

I.

“ **W**_{HO} shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie?
Who, when Gascogne's vexed gulph is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

II.

“ Else, ne’er to stoop, till high on Lisbon’s towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm’d yon red-cross Pow-
ers !”—

Thus, on the summit of Alverca’s rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul’s Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command !

No ! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force !
And from its base shall wheel his shattered band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcobá's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood :
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might
sum
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc
come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,
As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
But in the middle path, a Lion lay !
At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly
fight ;
Beacons of infamy they light the way,
Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight !

VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath !
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors marked their wrackful path !
The peasant butchered in his ruined cot,

The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy ;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive dæmons might proclaim
Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great
name !

VII.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasped his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay ;
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worth-
less lay.

VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscalled in vain !
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain ?
Vain-glorious Fugitive ! yet turn again !
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain* as fore-doomed the stain
From thy dishonoured name and arms to clear—
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here !

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid ;
Those chief that never heard the lion roar !
Within whose souls lives not a trace pourtray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore !

* The literal translation of *Fuentes d'Honoro*.

Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more ;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole ;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain !
And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of
heaven.

XI.

Go, baffled Boaster ! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own ;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown
By British skill and valour were outvied ;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON !
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll
abide.

XII.

But ye, the heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won ?

Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave ;
And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes ! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame :
Hark ! Albucera thunders BERESFORD,
And red Barosa shouts for dauntless GRÆME !
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame !
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver
victors crown'd !

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage
steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—
Shivered my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD !

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud legions rolled like mist
away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
He gaged but life on that illustrious day ;

But when he toiled those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish, Heaven for his country's weal denied ;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went ; yet, Caledonia ! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground,
He dreamed mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.

O hero of a race renowned of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguished in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell !
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber owned its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learned the conquering shout
of GRÆME !

XVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale)
By shoal and rock hath steered my venturous bark ;
And land-ward now I drive before the gale,

And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag, and bind my skiff to land.

THE END.



NOTES.



NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION.

Note I.

And Cattraeth's vales with voice of triumph rung,

And mystic Merlin harped, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung.

St. IV. p. 19.

THIS locality may startle those readers who do not recollect, that much of the ancient poetry, preserved in Wales, refers less to the history of the principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the North-west of England and South-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattraeth, lamented by the cele-

brated Aneurin, is supposed by the learned Dr Leyden to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright, &c.

But it is not so generally known that the champions, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. i. p. 222.—Ilywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argood, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonian, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriates him to Scotland. Fordun

dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his *Scoto-Chronicon*, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelziar, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name, (*quasi Tumulus Merlini*,) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shewn, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities :—“ There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn, called Pausayl, runs by the east side of this church-yard into the Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the church-yard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn-tree, was shewn me many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose :

When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.

“ For the same day that our King James the Sixth was

crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out."—PENNYCUIK'S *Description of Tweeddale*. Edin. 1715. 4. p. 26.

Note II.

——— *where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring.*

St. VIII. p. 22.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation, and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

Note III.

——— *verse spontaneous*.—St. IX. p. 22.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

Note IV.

——— *the deeds of Græme*.—St. IX. p. 23.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the Southern reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTES ON THE VISION.

For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay.

St. IV. p. 29.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Caba, or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Chris-

tian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance. But the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of the Caba Rumia, which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be

forced into that bay ; for they never go in otherwise than by necessity."

NOTE II.

*And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall see,*

St. X. p. 34.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvellous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the " Fated Chamber" of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though very modestly,) that the *fatale pulatium*, of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

“Extra muros, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodericus Tole-
tanus Archiepiscopus, ante Arabum in Hispanias irrup-
tionem, hic *fatale palatium* fuisse; quod invicti vectes,
æterna ferri robora claudebant, ne reseratum Hispaniæ
excidium adferret; quod in fatis non vulgus solum, sed et
prudentissimi quique credebant. Sed Roderici ultimi Go-
thorum Regis animum infelix curiositas subiit, sciendi quid
sub tot vetitis claustris observaretur; ingentes ibi superio-
rum regum opes et arcanos thesauros servari ratus. Seras
et pessulos perfringi curat, invitis omnibus, nihil præter
arculam repertum, et in ea linteum, quo explicato novæ
et insolentes hominum facies habitusque apparuere, cum
inscriptione Latina *Hispaniæ excidium ab illa gente immi-
nere*; Vultus habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem
ex Africa tantam cladem instare regi cæterisque persua-
sum; nec falso ut Hispaniæ annales etiamnum querun-
tur.”—*Hispania Ludovic Nonij*, cap. lix.

But about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from

Grenada, we find, in the “*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Roderigo*,” a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcayde Albucacim Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the history of the Knight of the Woeful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader:—

“ One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumes all: four estadoes, (*i. e.* four times a man’s height,) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong

covering of iron, and fastened with many locks ; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men :—

‘ The king who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.’—Many kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care : but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting ; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that though a king was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower ; and some bold attendants whom he had brought with him entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded

a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The king was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the king entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The king, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the king, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall; ‘ Unfortunate king, thou hast

entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs.' And upon his breast was written, 'I do my office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall; and when the king, sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground,

by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

“ The king having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified ; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time ; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on his breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, ‘ I call upon the Arabs,’ they expounded, that in time Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo ; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate king would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth.”—*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo*. Quinta impression. Madrid, 1654. 4. p. 23.

Note III.

——— *the Tecbir war-cry and the Lelies yell.*

St. XIX. p. 40.

The *tecbir*, (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty,) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus :

We heard the *Tecbir*; so these Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr W. Stuart Rose, in the Romance of Partenopex, and in the Crusade of St Lewis.

Note IV.

By Heaven, the Moors prevail !—the Christians yield !—

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign !

The sceptered craven mounts to quit the field—

Is not yon steed Orelia ?—Yes, 'tis mine !

St. XXI. p. 41.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibel al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714 they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action :

“ Both armies being drawn up, the king, according to

the custom of the Gothic kings, when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men ; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on ; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords ; a long time the battle was dubious ; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the Archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The king performed the part not only of a wise general

but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse, called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed is not known : I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them ; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The king's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—*MARIANA'S History of Spain*, book vi. chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her

speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

Note V.

• *When for the light Bolero ready stand*

The Mozo blithe with gay Muchacha met.

St. XXXIII. p. 49.

The Bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *Muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

Note VI.

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, "Castile."

St. XLIII. p. 55.

The heralds at the coronation of a Spanish monarch proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla, Castilla, Castilla*; which, with all other ce-

remonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Buonaparte.

Note VII.

High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.

St. XLVIII. p. 59.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of

the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Buonaparte, and crave

Respect for his great place—and bid the devil
Be duly honoured for his burning throne,

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discom-

future, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily-adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, ex-

cept during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shewn themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well, if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions,—1st, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than of those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from ap-

triotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way ? 3d, Whether, if it be an object, (as undoubtedly it is a main one,) that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war ; such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications ? Lastly, Since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the Providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create ; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman, who, while he had himself never snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed se-

verely to criticise the conduct of a martyr who winced a little among his flames.

NOTE VIII.

They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.—

St. LI. p. 61.

The interesting account of Mr Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the “Edinburgh Annual Register” for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:—

“ A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses ; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a

superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street, and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines: these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime the bombardment was incessantly kept up. ‘Within the last 48 hours,’ said Palafox, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, ‘6000 shells have been thrown in, two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.’ In the course of the siege above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last, but what they manufactured day by day; and

no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy.”——

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, “scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.”

“When once the pestilence had begun it was impossible

to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them ; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January ; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church ; every co-

lumn, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewed with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock and their own unexpected escape occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindling fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."——

Yét, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that, when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours';) upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the marketplace; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing, or up-rooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects every where, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been pro-

ved ; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum ; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."

NOTE IX.

——— *the Vault of Destiny*.—St. LXIII. p. 69.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgen del Sagrario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accord-

ingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play we are informed, that Don Roderick had removed the barrier and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

NOTES ON THE CONCLUSION.

Note I.

*While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.*

St. II. p. 72.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of po-

litical intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture :—

2. “ A day of darknesse and of gloominesse, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains: a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the yeares of many generations.

3. “ A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a disolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them.

4. “ The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne.

5. “ Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array.

6. “ Before their face the people shall be much pained: all faces shall gather blacknesse.

7. “ They shall run like mighty men, they shall climbe

the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks.

8. “ Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path : and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.

9. “ They shall run to and fro in the citie : they shall run upon the wall, they shall climbe up upon the houses : they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

10. “ The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining.”

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a “ land barren and desolate,” and the dishonour with which God afflicted them for having “ magnified themselves to do great things,” there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena ; Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

Note II.

*The rudest centinel in Britain born,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.*

St. VII. p. 75.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, &c. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery: rice, vegetables, and bread where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and

carried home the reliques to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and, in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burned by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it?—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

Note III.

——— *vain-glorious Fugitive!*—St. VIII. p. 76.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfarronade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed “God save the King.” Their minstrelsy was however deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

Note IV.

*Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!*

St. X. p. 77.

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt to formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no ways checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who command-

ed the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and, putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons ; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated) remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

Note V.

And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,

Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—

St. X. p. 77.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Buonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron, was also bayonnetted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account

of the attack and defence of this village, in which, he says, the British lost many officers, *and Scotch.*

NOTE VI.

*O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd.*

St. XIV. p. 80.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly-important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a

military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information ; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been under-rated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

Note VII.

——— *a race renowned of old,*

Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.

St. XVII. p. 82.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the firths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, "the hardy, wight, and wise," is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killy-crankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes,

and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barosa.

THE END OF DON RODERICK.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PALMER.

- “ O OPEN the door, some pity to shew,
“ Keen blows the northern wind ;
“ The glen is white with the drifted snow,
“ And the path is hard to find.
- “ No Outlaw seeks your castle gate,
“ From chasing the king's deer,
“ Though even an Outlaw's wretched state
“ Might claim compassion here.

“ A weary Palmer, worn and weak,

“ I wander for my sin ;

“ O open for Our Lady’s sake,

“ A pilgrim’s blessing win !

“ I’ll give you pardons from the pope,

“ And reliques from o’er the sea,—

“ Or if for these you will not ope,

“ Yet open for charity.

“ The hare is crouching in her form,

“ The hart beside the hind ;

“ An aged man, amid the storm,

“ No shelter can I find.

“ You hear the Ettrick’s sullen roar,

“ Dark, deep, and strong is he,

“ And I must ford the Ettrick o’er,

“ Unless you pity me.

“ The iron gate is bolted hard,

“ At which I knock in vain ;

“ The owner’s heart is closer barr’d,

“ Who hears me thus complain.

“ Farewell, farewell ! and Mary grant,

“ When old and frail you be,

“ You never may the shelter want,

“ That’s now denied to me.”

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,

And heard him plead in vain ;

But oft amid December’s storm,

He’ll hear that voice again :

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

THE
MAID OF NEIDPATH.

THERE is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging

to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "*Fleur d'Epine*."

THE
MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,

Till through her wasted hand, at night,
 You saw the taper shining ;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
 Across her cheek was flying ;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
 Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers, to see and hear,
 Seemed in her frame residing ;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
 She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
 She knew, and waved to greet him ;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he passed—an heedless gaze,
 As o'er some stranger glancing ;

Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,

Lost in his courser's prancing—

The castle arch, whose hollow tone

Returns each whisper spoken,

Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,

Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE.



ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climbed the tall vessel to sail you wide sea ;
O weary betide it ! I wandered beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain ;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were
wailing,

I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wished that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch Keith drove the dark ocean
faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they
did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar ;
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may
glisten ;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween
lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro'
the e'e ;
How often the kindest, and warmest, prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times, could I help it ? I pined and I pondered,
If love could change notes like the bird on the
tree—

Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wandered,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through
channel,

Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame !

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and
Spain ;

No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou
leave me,

I never will part with my Willie again.

HUNTING SONG.



W_{AKÈN} lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“ Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,

Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
“ Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away ;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“ Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay !

Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE VIOLET.



THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining ;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY,

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.



TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruined rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there :
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE
BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION, IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE Forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree ;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby :—
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock ;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood ;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,
“ Minstrels and Bards of other days !
“ For the midnight wind is on the heath,
“ And the midnight meteors dimly blaze :
“ The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,*
“ Is wandering through the wild woodland ;

* The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Llan-
dearg, or Red-hand.

“ The owl and the raven are mute for dread,

“ And the time is meet to awake the dead !

“ Souls of the mighty ! wake and say,

“ To what high strain your harps were strung,

“ When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way,

“ And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?

“ Her Norsemen train’d to spoil and blood,

“ Skill’d to prepare the raven’s food,

“ All by your harpings doom’d to die

“ On bloody Largs and Loncarty.*

“ Mute are ye all ? No murmurs strange

“ Upon the midnight breeze sail by ;

* Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

“ Nor through the pines with whistling change,

“ Mimic the harp’s wild harmony !

“ Mute are ye now ?—Ye ne’er were mute,

“ When Murder with his bloody foot,

“ And Rapine with his iron hand,

“ Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

“ O yet awake the strain to tell,

“ By every deed in song enroll’d,

“ By every chief who fought or fell,

“ For Albion’s weal in battle bold ;—

“ From Coilgach,* first who roll’d his car,

“ Through the deep ranks of Roman war,

“ To him, of veteran memory dear,

“ Who victor died on Aboukir.

* The Galgacus of Tacitus.

“ By all their swords, by all their scars,
“ By all their names, a mighty spell !
“ By all their wounds, by all their wars,
“ Arise, the mighty strain to tell !
“ For fiercer than fierce Hengist’s strain,
“ More impious than the heathen Dane,
“ More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
“ Gaul’s ravening legions hither come !”—

The wind is hush’d, and still the lake—

Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
“ When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,
“ And blades round warriors’ heads were flung,
“ The foremost of the band were we,
“ And hymn’d the joys of Liberty !”

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.—1809.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
 Though bootless be the theme ;
 I loved, and was beloved again,
 Yet all was but a dream :
 For, as her love was quickly got,
 So it was quickly gone ;
 No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
 But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er

My fancy shall beguile,

By flattering word, or feigned tear,

By gesture, look, or smile :

No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,

Till it has fairly flown,

Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;—

I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,

In cheek, or chin, or brow,

And deem the glance of woman's eye

As weak as woman's vow :

I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,

That is but lightly won ;

I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,

And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides,
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides ;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone ;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again :
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own ;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,—

“ Thy loving labour's lost ;

Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,

To be so strangely crost :

The widow'd turtles mateless die,

The phoenix is but one ;

They seek no loves—no more will I—

I'll rather dwell alone.”

EPITAPH,

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHE-
DRAL, AT THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF
MISS SEWARD.

AMID these Aisles, where once his precepts show'd
The Heavenward path-way which in life he trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near ;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.

Still would'st thou know why o'er the marble
spread,
In female grace the willow droops her head ;

Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung ;
What Poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
Lo ! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, beloved, and mourned, here SEWARD lies !
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

THE END.

BOOKS

LATELY PUBLISHED.

I.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the LAY of the LAST MINSTREL, consisting of Twelve Views on the Rivers Borthwick, Ettrick, Yarrow, Teviot, and Tweed. Engraved by James Heath, R. A. from Drawings taken on the spot, by J. SCHETKY, Esq. of Oxford. Price 17s.

II.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the LADY of the LAKE, from Paintings, by George Cook, beautifully engraved by Engleheart, Smith, &c. Demy 8vo, 15s. Royal Quarto, Proofs, 30s.

III.

The LADY of the LAKE, a Poem, in six Cantos. By WALTER SCOTT, Esq. Handsomely printed in 8vo, by Ballantyne, price 12s. in boards; the Ninth Edition.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

IV.

The **LAY** of the **LAST MINSTREL**, a Poem, with Ballads and Lyrical Pieces. Elegantly printed by Ballantyne, on superfine wove Paper, and hot-pressed, the Tenth Edition, in 4to, price 2*l.* 2*s.* in boards. A few copies are printed on Royal Paper, price 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* in boards. Also the Twelfth Edition of the **LAY** of the **LAST MINSTREL** in 8vo. price 10*s.* 6*d.* in boards.

V.

MARMION, a **TALE** of **FLODDEN FIELD**. Seventh Edition, 1 vol. 8vo, price 12*s.* boards.

VI.

The **VISION** of **DON RODERICK**, a Poem. Finely printed in Quarto, price 15*s.* in boards: Royal Copies, of which only 50 were printed, 1*l.* 10*s.* Also, the Second Edition in 8vo, with an Appendix of **MISCELLANEOUS PIECES** by the same Author, price 9*s.* boards.

VII.

BALLADS and **LYRICAL PIECES**. Third Edition, 1 vol. 8vo, price 7*s.* 6*d.* in boards.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

VIII.

MINSTRELSY of the SCOTTISH BORDER ; consisting of Historical and Romantic Ballads, collected in the southern counties of Scotland ; with a few of modern date, founded on local Tradition. With an Introduction and Notes by the Editor, WALTER SCOTT, Esq. The Fourth Edition, in 3 vols. 8vo, price 1*l*. 16*s*. in boards.

IX.

SIR TRISTREM, a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century. By THOMAS of ERCILDOUNE, called the RHYMER. Edited from the Auchinleck MS. by WALTER SCOTT, Esq. Third Edition, 8vo, price 15*s*. in boards.









